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THE PIONEER CHURCH;

OR, THE

STORY OF A NEW PARISH IN THE WEST.

BY THE

REV. M. SCHUYLER, D. D.,

RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, ST. LOUIS.

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TO

THE CAUSE OF DOMESTIC MISSIONS,

WITH THE OFFERING OF ALL THE PROFITS ARISING FROM ITS SALE, AND WITH THE PRAYER THAT IT MAY HELP TO FOSTER AND ENCOURAGE THE PRESENT AWAKENING OF MISSIONARY SPIRIT IN THE CHURCH,

This little Volume

IS HUMBLY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

THE tardiness of the Church to take her true position as a pioneer at the West has long been with the Author a subject of mortification and sorrow. As a layman in a mere hamlet in Michigan he was instrumental, with three others, in organizing a parish, in inaugurating lay-reading, and building a church. He began his ministry in the same parish, and his experience convinced him that it was practicable, with two or more laymen of the right spirit, to do effective pioneer work for the Church, without waiting for an ordained minister. It is an encouraging sign of the times that there is an awakening on this subject in the Church, and that the lay element, both male and female, is being brought into more earnest and active sympathy with the work of Christ. He has marked out in the following pages a department of labor where

there need be no conflict or jealousy between them and the clergy.

Many of the incidents recorded are founded upon facts within his own knowledge, and he has written with the aid of some twenty years' experience in western life. It is his thorough conviction, that the great want of the Church is not so much more missionaries, but more working laymen, who, like Mr. Yates, will not forget Christ and His Church in the eager strife after money and lands; but, seeking first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, will begin their work for Him when they are planning for themselves.

The story of Grace Church, Arlington, might be repeated in hundreds of villages throughout the Valley of the Mississippi, would the pioneer Churchmen, appreciating their responsibilities, seize each favorable opportunity and act with promptness and vigor, instead of casting blame for the neglect, upon the want of a missionary at the right time. Grace Church, Kirkwood, the most flourishing country parish in the Diocese of Missouri, was begun within the last ten years by lay services in a private parlor; and a tasteful stone church was built, and a class of fifteen prepared for Confirmation, before a Rector had been called.

To prompt to like deeds on the part of the laity, the present volume has been written. That the Great Head of the Church may vouchsafe His blessing in the fulfillment of its mission, is the devout prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

In sending forth this second edition of "The Pioneer Church," the author desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to a good lady of his congregation for the generous donation of the necessary sum to meet all the expenses of its publication. The whole proceeds therefore of this edition of one thousand copies will go into the treasury of the Domestic Board.

He proposed, as an acknowledgment of this act of liberality to make a record next its title-page "In Memoriam" of her departed husband. But she preferred that it should be a gift to the cause of Missions, without the gratification of a selfish wish.

And here another acknowledgment is due. The expense of the first edition was assumed by an old friend in a former parish; and by his liberality the stereotype plates are furnished for this and any future edition that may be called for.

The many letters received from bishops and clergymen in various parts of the country, giving their testimony to the usefulness of the book as a Pioneer in the Missionary field, have been specially gratifying to the author, and emboldened by such an endorsement, he bespeaks for the present edition a wide circulation.

THE PIONEER CHURCH.

CHAPTER I.

"Go up and watch the new-born rill
Just trickling from its mossy bed,
Streaking the heath-clad hill
With a bright emerald thread.

"Canst thou her bold career foretell,
What rocks she shall o'erleap or rend,—
How far in Ocean's swell
Her freshening billows bend?

SHALL we ever have a church and Sunday-school here?" said Edward Yates to his sister Kate, one bright Sunday morning, as they were sitting together after breakfast, each one with a book in hand, which they had received as a reward of merit from their teachers in their old home.

"Yes," said Kate, "if we only *try*, and see what we can do. You recollect how our minister used to tell us that we did not know how much even little children could do, if their hearts and minds were in their work."

"Well then, Kate," said Edward, "let us talk about it, and maybe we can think of some way by

which we can begin a little school, and after a while get a church."

"If I were only old enough," said Kate, "and knew enough to teach a day-school, I would begin at once and save half of my money, and put it into the savings bank, and by and by I would have enough to get a lot for a church. You know lots here are very cheap now, and if the village grow, as papa says it will, they will cost a great deal more soon."

"Oh!" Edward replied, "there is a big *if* in the way. Besides, you are counting the chickens before they are hatched, and you have a good many of them too. Now, I don't want to talk of the church or the lot yet; I want to see if we cannot persuade mamma, instead of only hearing us recite our catechism to her on Sunday, to let us get some of the little boys and girls who are playing in the streets to come to our house and say their lessons, and hear mamma talk, as she does to us, of Jesus, and how He loved little children, and how much happier we are when we love Him."

This conversation took place between a little boy ten years old, and his sister two years younger. They had moved, some two months before, from Connecticut to the village of Arlington, in the State of Wisconsin. Their father, who had been a man of wealth and influence in his native place, by misfortunes incident to us all in this uncertain world, where riches so often take to themselves wings and

fly away, had lost nearly the whole of his property He had only saved enough to buy a little house and open a small store in the village, numbering a dozen or more houses.

Like a noble Christian man, as he was, he had paid every dollar of his debts; and to do this he had given up his fine house and furniture, and left the spot hallowed by the associations of his childhood as the home of his fathers. Blest with a wife who, like himself, had in the true spirit of a disciple consecrated herself to the service of a self-denying Master, she never suffered herself to murmur or repine over their change of fortune, but felt that it was her duty and privilege to be a helpmeet for him, by cheering him in his moments of despondency, and in every way striving to make his humble home bright and happy.

On this same Sunday morning, while Edward and Kate were chatting together of their plans, their father and mother, who had walked out into the garden to see if the seeds they had planted were beginning to come up, and whether the rose-bushes and other shrubbery they had saved from their dear old home were alive, began to talk of the Church there, and of the minister, the Rev. Mr. Wakefield, whom they had known and loved from their childhood. They were sure he had not forgotten them. They could not forget the sad morning when they left their home, and how many sharers of their hospitality, in the days of their prosperity, knew them

no longer when fortune frowned, and had even forgotten to call and bid them a formal "Good-by." But their dear old pastor had been more assiduous in his attentions from the time their difficulties began, and when they were obliged to give up their home and begin life again in the far West, he was the last to take them by the hand, to assure them of his prayers, and give them his blessing.

"You remember," said Mr. Yates to his wife, "what Mr. Wakefield said to us the last time he called, as we were about leaving, that if we found any opening for the Church, or any chance to begin a Sunday-school, we must write to him, and he would do every thing he could to interest the people in our work."

"Yes," said his wife, "I remember it very well, and know he will not forget it; but how many of our old friends do you think will care to help us, or do any thing more than for entire strangers?"

"Oh, I hope," answered her husband, "that some of them think of us with affection. I have not so bad an opinion of human nature, as to believe 'that friendship is but a name.' There is my old rival, Briggs, who, as you know, was deeply wounded at your rejection of him. Yet he never forgot the ties of affection that bound us together as boys, and which only grew stronger with our growth to manhood. Though unwittingly the cause of a grievous disappointment to him, he always gave me credit for high-toned, honorable dealing; and the little we

have saved from the wreck we owe to his noble generosity in advancing the money to redeem the bond and mortgage on the Hempstead place. If that had been sold for the amount due on the mortgage, we should have been without a roof to cover us."

"Yes — but there are not many like Mr. Briggs in the world, and he would do for us personally, perhaps, what he would not do for Christ and His Church."

"You have forgotten, my dear, that our last letter from home told us he had been confirmed, and had gone to the Holy Communion. There is a higher motive to influence him now; and I am sure that while he was giving for his Master's sake, it would be no drawback to the pleasure of his gift that the sparkling gray eyes which once used to tease him with their mischief, would brighten with gladness, and it maybe shed tears of gratitude."

"Well, please don't tease *me*, and we will hope that in due time some way will open, so that we can make a beginning for the Church. It is such a lovely morning, let us give Mary in charge to Edward and Kate, and take a short walk. Do you know that I have already selected a lot for the church, and if it does not come in the way of some of the streets they are laying out, it will be just the spot."

The little hamlet of Arlington — for it was no more than a hamlet — was situated on the bank of

the Mennissippi, a beautiful stream, not large enough to be dignified with the name of a river, making its way between gently undulating banks, covered with scattered oaks, free of undergrowth, and brightened here and there with the modest wild flowers, just beginning to show themselves with the opening spring. The foliage on the trees was in process of development, and the leaves presented that beautiful variety of colors, which, to the watchful observer of Nature, is even more attractive than the prevalent green of a more advanced season. These beauties failed not to win the attention of our friends as they pursued their walk, which soon led beyond the few houses of the little hamlet.

"How beautiful," remarked Mrs. Yates, "is the country, and especially this lovely western land! 'Man makes the city, but God made the country,' and we can see how vast the difference between the two architects.

"I used to love our own delightful home in Connecticut, and we had every thing there that heart could wish; but in our humble cottage we can be as happy, and especially if we can make ourselves more useful here. In a new country the constant changes going on seem to stimulate our energies, and provoke us to work."

"Very true," said her husband, "and I already begin to feel more like a man; and though we have had a severe discipline in the loss of our property,

yet I can see the hand of Providence in it. We needed such a chastening to cause us to feel that it is not the great end of life to make ourselves comfortable. 'No man liveth to himself;' and if we would answer the designs of Providence, we must put ourselves in a position to live for others. We were not willing to do so of ourselves, and God has done it for us."

"Here," said Mrs. Yates, "is the spot I would choose for the church. What do you think of it? If the village grow, as we hope it will, it will not be far from the centre, and yet it will be high enough to overlook the whole. See how our beautiful little river dances along, winding away in the distance around that projecting point crowned with trees standing out in such bold relief against the pure, blue sky."

"This is indeed a charming landscape," replied her husband, "but how long do you think it will continue to look as it does now? If Mr. Richmond builds his flouring mill this summer, it will stand just in the way of this fairy perspective. We may as well enjoy now all we can of this lovely scenery, for every year will detract from its romance. And I am willing that it should be so, if it only bring people to settle among us, whose souls in God's sight are more precious than stream or woodland, and in laboring for whose good we shall take more pleasure than in looking upon this enchanting prospect. I have spoken to Mr. Richmond about giv-

ing us a site for the church, and he seems favorably disposed. He is not a religious man, though he knows it is for his interest to have a church of some kind, and he says he prefers the Episcopal Church, because he has noticed that Church people are quiet and orderly, and seem to carry their religion into their every-day life. Their ministers, too, eschew political and secular topics in the pulpit. He says, when the time comes, he will give us something to build a church, and will attend himself.

"What do you think of our trying to get the children together next Sunday, and beginning a Sunday-school in our parlor? There must be fifteen or twenty who are old enough to come, and we have some 'Offices of Devotion' and 'Catechisms' which we can use. Edward and Kate can go round among the children during the week, and let them know we will have a place for them."

When they went home and told the children their plans, it came out that they had been talking on the subject together. Mr. and Mrs. Yates were struck with the coincidence, and the children were delighted.

That day Mr. Yates took his Prayer-book and read the Church Service, as he had been accustomed to do since they had been settled in their new home.

CHAPTER II.

"Come, little ones — come early out;
Come joyous, come with steady heart;
Roam not to seek wild flowers the field about,
Nor at dreams of fancied vipers start.

"Come, quit your toys, and haste away;
But mark, ye may not leave behind
Your store of smiles, your gladsome talk and gay,
Your pure thoughts, fashioned to your Master's mind."

EARLY on Monday morning the children were out on their errand of love, and they got promises from all they saw. There were two Irish families who did not wish their children taught in the Protestant faith, and preferred that they should roam about the village, desecrating the Lord's Day.

Sunday morning came, and there were fifteen children present, — about half the number who had promised to come. Edward and Kate looked disappointed, and kept constantly going to the door to see if there were no more coming. Their father, however, was greatly pleased, and told them that they had done a good week's work; that they had no reason to be discouraged, they must try again; that no good could be accomplished without work,

and that it was all-important to learn the truth of the old Latin proverb, that "*Perseverance* conquers all things."

Before opening the school, he told them in simple language what he proposed to do: that, as there was no day-school in the town, he was going to teach them how to read; that those who could read, he meant to teach the lessons of God's Holy Word; and that he should talk to them all about what it was of more consequence to know than how to read and write and cipher, — that this world was not their home; that, young as they were, they must all soon leave it, and then they would live in a world where there was no more death. He told them of Jesus, how He came as a little child into this world, — of His wonderful birth, and life, and death, and how He loved little children, and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

In this way, in simple and touching language, he soon enlisted their feelings, and their eyes brightened, and they looked at each other with delighted faces. He then distributed among such of them as could read, the "Offices of Devotion," and explained to them how they were to be used, — what part *he* was to say, and what part was for them.

After this explanation, he said, — "Now let us try;" and though some of them had to linger over the words and were rather slow at first in the re-

sponses, yet he encouraged them by his cheerful words, and they were pleased that they had done so well. He then gave them their lessons for the next Sunday, and proposed that they should spend a little time in learning to sing.

The only piece of valuable furniture which they had been able to retain was the piano, which Mrs. Yates had when a girl, and which she cherished dearly as one of the companions of her childhood. It is true it was old-fashioned, and could not claim to possess a handsome rosewood case, or any of the modern improvements; but still, under the skillful hand of its fair owner it could discourse sweet music. The children were delighted; many of them had never heard a piano before; and they told their playmates, when they went home, that they had heard a piano — how beautiful the music was, and how sweetly Mrs. Yates, her husband, and the children sang.

The talk about the town among the children on Monday, was of the school they had attended on Sunday, and many who had promised were sorry they had not gone. Edward and Kate were busy again on their mission during the week. One little boy, Jimmy Dorsey, who had seemed the most pleased with the idea of going, and had not attended, they found sick in bed. He was a bright little fellow, whom they had liked the best of all the children. He was about the age of Kate, and had been several times to play with her in the garden,

and she had given him a little bed where he had planted flower-seeds. He asked her if any of his seeds had come up yet, and said he was so anxious to see them grow and have flowers on them.

Kate said they were beginning to come up, and she hoped he would soon be well enough to come and see them. "I love flowers," said she, "and papa says they *talk* to us, and tell us that, when we are planted in the ground, we shall come up like them on the Resurrection day, and be more beautiful than they."

The dear boy opened his eyes with amazement, and asked her what she meant by our "being planted in the ground."

"Why," said Kate, "you know when we die we are buried in the ground, but we don't stay there always. Jesus was put in a grave, but He was there only three days, when, as you know, and because He was God, He rolled away the stone and was alive again. So, Jesus tells us, it shall be with all our bodies on the Judgment day. Those who have been good shall go with Him to heaven, and the bad shall be sent away where they will be always miserable."

"Oh!" said he, "I never heard about that; and does your papa teach you about that in the Sunday-school?"

"Yes," said Kate, "and I hope you will soon be well enough to come and learn."

But the poor little fellow was never permitted to

go. It soon became evident that he was suffering with scarlet fever, and the physician had reason to fear that fatal symptoms were beginning to develop themselves.

As soon as it was noised abroad that Jimmy Dorsey had scarlet fever, the house was shunned by the neighbors as a place of pestilence. In this state of things, Mrs. Yates felt that though she had children who might be exposed, yet she could not leave the mother to nurse him alone. As a Christian, her duty was plain, and while taking every precaution to guard her children against exposure, she gave as much time as possible to the poor sick boy.

As is sometimes the case, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God ordaineth praise," and the words of little Kate had not fallen unheeded on his childish ears. He soon learned that he was going to die, and he asked good kind Mrs. Yates, if she would talk to him about dying, and of Jesus, who could make his body come up like a flower.

She did talk to him, and repeated beautiful hymns, and read about Jesus in the Bible, and had prayers with him, until God by His Holy Spirit opened his mind, young as he was, to learn the simple story of a Saviour's love; and when on Friday night he was dying, his eyes brightened with delight as the angels told him they were nigh, and clasping his little hands, he repeated in a whisper, "My dear Saviour I am coming," and fell asleep.

Sunday morning, though bright with the rays of

the sun, was sadly darkened by the death of Jimmy Dorsey, and by the preparations that were making for his funeral. The children went at nine o'clock to the house of Mr. Yates, where he met them, and after opening the school, and hearing their lessons, told them about Jimmy, and how happy he had died, and that his spirit had gone to Paradise, where there were already millions of children, of whom Jesus had said, while He was in this world, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

He told them that God was teaching them a more solemn lesson than any earthly teacher, in the death of their playmate. They had been reminded that, though young, they might be called away at any time, and hence, how important it was to improve the privileges they enjoyed in their Sunday-school.

After singing the 126th Hymn of the Prayer-book, they went in a body to the house of the afflicted parents. As there was no minister of any denomination within several miles, they had requested Mr. Yates to read the Burial Service of the Church.

After the Anthem and the Lesson at the house, and offering appropriate Collects and the Prayer for the Family in Affliction, the procession was formed, all the children taking their places immediately behind the family, and thus walking slowly toward the ground, where the first seed was to be planted for immortality. The very spot had been chosen,

about a mile distant, which had been so much admired when seen by our friends from the church site, as the projecting point crowned with trees around which the Memnissippi, winding, disappears from the view.

It was a long walk, as many of our city ladies or children would think; but the day was bright, the air invigorating, and their path led along the banks of the stream, dancing in the sunlight, while the modest violet and the gentle anemone were smiling upon them by the wayside.

As they began to ascend the hill, Mr. Yates, who headed the procession, repeated in a clear, distinct, yet deeply impressive tone, those solemn, yet inspiriting words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in Me, shall never die."

Very few of those present had ever heard the Burial Service of the Church, and every word was so appropriate and comforting, that many went to their homes that day better for the mournful privilege they had enjoyed, and with their curiosity awakened to learn more of the Church to which their neighbor, Mr. Yates, belonged.

Besides, they had heard of Mrs. Yates's kind attentions to the Dorsey family during the sickness of little Jimmy, and how, when the rest of them had shunned the house as if infected by pestilence, she had gone, at the risk of exposure to herself and

children, and had watched night and day at the bed of the suffering child, and had taught him to love Jesus, and to be willing and ready to die. That Church, they reasoned, which could train such people as Mr. and Mrs. Yates in religion, must have something more than mere forms.

CHAPTER III.

"The child hath now its Father seen,
And feels what kindling love may be,
And knoweth what these words may mean, —
Himself, the Father, loveth thee."

IN the evening Mr. and Mrs. Yore thought they would pay a visit to their neighbors, the Eastmans. Their conversation naturally led to the sad services of the day, and they spoke of what they had seen and heard concerning the sickness and funeral of the child. They had all been in the habit of attending Methodist meeting, though only one of them, Mrs. Yore, was a member of the Methodist communion.

"Well," said Mrs. Yore, "I don't like this reading prayers out of a book. I want them to come warm from the heart."

"Don't you suppose," answered Mr. Eastman, "Mr. Yates felt that solemn prayer he read at the house for the afflicted family, and also at the grave, when he prayed for us all? For my part, I never have had my heart so warmed, and it did seem to me that every word was fitted to give voice to my feelings. And I know *you* felt it too, Mrs. Yore, for I heard you say Amen."

"Well, I forgot for the time that he was reading it out of a book, and his voice was so sweet that it melted my heart."

"I don't see, then," replied Mr. Eastman, "but you can pray just as well, if the prayer is only good, and it is read well from a book, as if it is made up as the speaker goes along. And I tell you, Mrs. Yore, I have heard some prayers which it would pain you to have to say Amen to. I almost made up my mind at one time to stop going to meeting, because Elder Chase seemed to me so irreverent, and sometimes even profane, in his prayers. I have known him, because opposed himself to a particular party, pray for its defeat. Now I can't bear the bringing of politics into prayers at all, or into church. If there is a party that are enemies to the country, this should make no difference. We are taught by the Bible to pray for our enemies; to bless, and not to curse them."

"Now, wife," said Mr. Yore, "I am a good deal of our neighbor's opinion; and one thing I have determined upon, to stop abusing the Episcopal Church, for if we are to judge the tree by its fruits, some of the Episcopalians at least bear pretty good fruit. I was over in Milwaukie some time ago, and thought I would go to an Episcopal church, and, as it happened, they had what was called Confirmation there. Their Bishop, an old gray-headed man, preached the sermon, and if I know any thing about a Gospel sermon, that was one; and when

they knelt about the altar, and he laid his hands upon them, and repeated a prayer always in the same words, it was very solemn. I can't say that I liked the dress he wore, and his muslin sleeves, nor the white dress of the minister that was with him. And yet, when I thought of it, I remembered that God told the high-priest and the priests how they were to dress when they offered their sacrifices, and I have an idea that that dress was something like his. Our Government, too, tells our generals, and other officers, how they are to dress while on duty; and why should not the minister have a particular dress when he goes into the house of God, to preach and to pray?"

"And I should think," replied Mrs. Yore, "that you were turning Episcopalian. As for these women's dresses, they look too much like Popery for me. I should not be at all surprised to learn that the Episcopalians were in league with the Roman Catholics to get possession of this land, and then they will burn all the heretics, as they call them, who don't believe just as they do."

"Now," said Mrs. Eastman, "you are very uncharitable. I don't think Mr. and Mrs. Yates look as if they were going to burn any body, and I should have thought more of your religion, Mrs. Yore, if, instead of being frightened out of your wits, you had gone to the Dorseys' and helped them to take care of their dying boy. I felt as if I ought to go, but I knew that I was not a Christian and prepared to die.

I have made up my mind to return Mrs. Yates's call, and I will talk with her and see if I can't be a Christian, for I know she is one, and I don't believe that she was converted at a camp-meeting either. My little boy brought home a Prayer-book this week, in which he is learning the Catechism, and I took it up to read, and got so interested that I came very near forgetting the dinner. Is n't it good of them to think of getting up a Sunday-school? When little Kate came to ask me to let Sallie go, I made up my mind to have nothing to do with it, and answered her sharply; but she was so modest and gentle, and went on, in her childish way, to tell me what they expected to do, and that she thought it could do no harm to learn to read, and to hear about Jesus, and that if Sallie did n't like it, she need n't come again, — that before she went away, I felt like taking the dear little thing in my arms and kissing her. I 'll venture to say that little girl is a Christian."

After much other conversation, the visitors returned to their home.

The family were gathered together after tea, before prayers, when Mr. Yates remarked: —

"This has been a day of mingled gladness and sorrow. We had twenty children at school, and I know some were kept away for fear there might be scarlet fever in the house, because, my darling, you had been so much of the time at the Dorseys'."

"Yes," she replied, "I have no doubt the two

children of the Yores' were among the number. At the funeral, Mrs. Yore kept near the door, and when I went toward her to speak to her, she turned and walked off as fast as she could. I don't understand how Christian people can feel so. I can never think we are in any danger when we are in the path of duty. What a comfort it is to believe in a superintending Providence! God is about our bed and about our path, and He can and He will protect us from the poisoned atmosphere of a sick-room, when the sick are to be visited. I felt just as safe as I sat by Jimmy's dying bed as I do here. I know that I may take the disease at any time, and that my life may be the forfeit; but if I do, it is God's will that it should be so, and it is proof that He has no more work here for me to do.

"But I trust, with our young family to rear, and to help cheer and encourage you, dearest, there *is* work for me to do, and I begin to realize more and more that Providence is opening the way for us to have a church here some of these days, and that we will be the pioneers in this town. Do you know what I have been thinking about? After hearing you read the Burial Service so impressively to-day, it occurred to me, could we not, after the children were thoroughly interested in the Sunday-school, and had learned to respond, open our parlor and have the regular Church Service? I will lead in singing the psalm and hymn. And at first, perhaps, we had better not have the piano, for the

people might not like it, and think it too worldly. You might give out hymns which every body knows; such as, — 'When I can read my title clear,' and 'A charge to keep I have,' and we could have singing without any trouble."

"I thank you for thinking I read the Burial Service well, but I am afraid the people will think I am taking a little too much upon myself, and we may lose the good influence we are having upon the children. Besides, you know we have only about a half-dozen Prayer-books, and we are not able to buy any more for the present, and when we have any money, we ought to get some library books for the children."

"I have been thinking about all that," said Mrs. Yates. "Have you forgotten what good old Mr. Wakefield said, at the last call he made, when he gave us his blessing? Did n't you remind me of that very conversation a fortnight ago?"

"And did n't you, my love, answer, — 'How many of our old friends will care to help us, or do any thing more for *us* than for entire strangers?'"

"Yes, I know I did, and I don't think I could have been very amiable when I said so. At any rate, now I am ready to try, and shall be glad if the result proves that I was mistaken."

"Papa," said Edward, who had been an attentive listener, "I could write to Frank Bolles, and he could go round among the children and get some

money to buy Sunday-school books. You tell Mr. Wakefield, when you write, that I have written to Frank, and I know he will help him."

"Well then," said his father, "let us sit down at once and write, before prayers. I have learned that whenever you have a good purpose in your heart, it is best to act upon it at once. I know I have let many opportunities pass of doing good, because I thought some other time would do as well. I am afraid a great many poor sinners have lost their souls for this very reason."

So they sat down and wrote. But poor Edward was not used to writing letters, and he made a good many blots, and spelled some words wrong, and didn't say just what he wanted. So his father told him he could lay his letter by and copy it in the morning, as the stage-coach did not go out until Tuesday.

"Papa," said Kate, "I want to ask you one question. Do you think Jimmy Dorsey has gone to Paradise without being baptized? You know his mother is a Baptist, and didn't believe children ought to be baptized."

"I don't doubt," replied the father, "that the dear little fellow is in Paradise. It was no fault of his that he was not baptized. It is true, we have not God's covenant promise for unbaptized children, but we know that His requirements are 'according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not.' I don't suppose I can make it

plain to you until you are older, but I will try. God is Love, and He would not wish to punish us for what we could not help. It is a great privilege to have children baptized, because in Holy Baptism original sin, which attaches to us all, is remitted, and we receive the Holy Spirit. Your Catechism tells you that the 'inward spiritual grace' of Baptism is, — 'A death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness; for being by nature born in sin and the children of wrath, we are hereby made the children of grace.' If there had been a minister near enough, your mother would have tried to persuade Mrs. Dorsey to have Jimmy baptized; and had it been her own child, she would have baptized him herself, but she did not feel at liberty to disturb the mind of the poor afflicted mother in such circumstances. Our Church allows us to read the Burial Service over a child dying unbaptized, though she *forbids* it in the case of an adult, which proves that she regards the child, though unbaptized, as a *Christian.*"

"Oh! I am glad to hear this, papa, because I have been thinking a great deal of Jimmy to-day, and I hope I shall be good enough when I die to meet him in heaven."

The next week a good deal of anxiety was felt lest there should be more cases of the scarlet fever, and strange as it may seem, Nellie, one of the children of Mrs. Yore, was taken, — the child of the very mother who had been the most careful of all,

and whose children had not been allowed to go near the Sunday-school. Mrs. Dorsey, softened by her chastening, determined to repay good for evil, and she and Mrs. Yates divided the time in watching the sick child.

Mrs. Yore was almost frantic, and while love for her child would not suffer her to leave the house, she was so nervous as to be utterly unfit to take any charge, or even give her kind neighbors the necessary directions as to where they could find what was needed for the comfort of the sick. Her husband, when he came in from his business, devoted himself to the sick-room, and relieved the ladies of a portion of the burden, but neither of them were willing to trust Mrs. Yore with any responsibility.

By the great goodness of God the crisis was past and the disease subdued, and Nellie was soon well enough to sit up; and one day she said to Mrs. Yates, "My mamma won't say any more that she don't like you, now that you have been so good to me."

"It was not because I thought your mother liked me that I came to nurse you, Nellie. It was because I love all little children, and love to do them good when I can; and I know it pleases my Saviour when I visit the sick, for when He was in the world He always loved to minister to the suffering."

"I don't care," said Nellie, "whether mamma likes it or not, I am going to your school just as soon as I am well enough."

"I am sorry, my little darling, to hear you talk so. Don't you know, the first thing you have to learn is to mind your parents. That's what we teach all the children who come to us; and if we find that they come without the consent of their father and mother, we send them back, because we know we could not expect God's blessing upon our undertaking while we were encouraging the children to break one of His commandments. God has made you nearly well, and you must try and see if you cannot love Him. While the Doctor, Mrs. Dorsey, and I, have done all we could to help you, it would all have been useless had not God been pleased to bless the means. Last Sunday morning, we asked all the children to join in the Prayer for a Sick Child, in the Prayer-book, and we all tried to pray earnestly for you; and it would seem as if God had heard our prayer, for, from that very time, you began to get better."

"Well, then, mother won't tell father any more that she don't believe that a prayer read from a book was ever answered. Father said he believed the prayers at Jimmy Dorsey's funeral reached as high as any prayers."

Just then the mother coming in put an end to the conversation, and Mrs. Yates very soon took leave, and as she walked home she was wondering why it was that Mrs. Yore had taken a dislike to her. They had scarcely ever met until her child was sick, and it was evident that the conversation

to which the child referred must have occurred before this time.

Was it really so, that the old, unreasonable prejudice against the Church had traveled out from the East, and that they would meet with these same obstacles in attempting to establish the Church in the West? It was evident to her, from the child's remarks, that the conversation had been about Forms of Prayer, and that Mrs. Yore's uncharitable assertion had grown out of those narrow views which are so prevalent among ignorant people. She did not impute the dislike to herself personally, because there could be no reason, any further than that she was connected with the Church, and she felt the more grieved because she would much rather suffer than to have the Church suffer.

CHAPTER IV.

"I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood."

THE Sunday-school continued gradually to increase, and Nellie Yore was among the most interested of the scholars. She had gone out to an English family living a mile and a half from the village, where there were three children old enough to attend the school, and had persuaded them to come in. In talking with the mother she told her about the funeral of Jimmy, and how Mr. Yates had read something out of the Prayer-book at the grave, which her father liked so much.

"I should not be surprised," said Mrs. Chowing, "if he belonged to the same church we have in the 'Old Country.'" And she got her Prayer-book, which she had brought with her from England, and showed it to Nellie, and asked her, — "Was it any thing like this?"

"I don't know," said Nellie; "I never saw it. We have primers that we say the Service from, in Sunday-school. But I heard Mr. Yates say that

he hoped to have Prayer-books before long, and then he was going to have a real church."

Soon the parlor was so full that they were obliged to go into the kitchen, where Mrs. Yates had the younger children to herself. She had the A B C Class, and those who were just beginning to read; and after she had heard their lessons she would tell them Bible stories, and then let them sing; and they became so much interested that the time always seemed short to them, and they were impatient for the Sunday to come again.

Several weeks had elapsed since Mr. Yates had written to the Rev. Mr. Wakefield, and he was one day wondering why he did not get a letter, when Edward came running home with one which he was sure was from him. And so it was. He called Mrs. Yates, and when they were all seated, read it aloud. Here it is: —

"My dear Friend, —

"I have no doubt you have been wondering why I have not written, and perhaps you have thought that I had forgotten my old parishioners in the far West. But I can assure you, I have *not* forgotten you and your good wife. I never offer the Prayer for the Church Militant that you are not in my mind; and it helps me to realize the Communion of Saints when I think of my children who are still in communion with us, though they are more than a thousand miles away. I waited to see Mr. Briggs,

who was absent from town, and only returned yesterday. As soon as I mentioned the subject of your letter, he said at once, — 'Don't you speak to any body else: I will give you all that is necessary. Purchase as many Prayer-books as you wish, and also a quantity of good Church tracts that may be useful for general circulation.'

"Accordingly at his request I have ordered fifty Prayer-books and a large bundle of tracts that will be forwarded to you at once. May God bless you, my dear friends, in your labor of love, and be sure to write to me often, and let me know how you are succeeding.

"Affectionally, your friend and pastor,

"J. WAKEFIELD."

With the next mail came Edward's letter from Frank Bolles, and here it is: —

"My dear Ned, —

"How glad I am that you wrote to me! You don't know how often I have thought of you. I don't like to go by your old home, for I can't help thinking how we used to play together in the yard; and there, near the barn, is the very pile of stones we laid up for a fort. Mr. Wakefield asked me to let him read your letter to the Sunday-school, and then told the children he would like them to bring, on the next Sunday, as much money as their parents would give them, to help buy the books. So, almost every one of them brought something, —

some pennies, and some three cents, and some five, and some twenty-five. We had a great time counting it, and it amounted to ten dollars and thirty cents. He has sent the money to the Church Book Society, and you will soon get the books. It made me feel quite glad to hear so many of them say, 'I want to do something for Ned Yates's Sunday-school.' Good-by. Tell me when the books get there.

"Your old friend,

"FRANK BOLLES."

These letters cheered the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Yates, and of the children too, and they thought how much by God's blessing they had been able to do in so short a time. They had now been in the village of Arlington about five months, and the school had been opened but three months. The last Sunday they counted the children, and there were forty-five present, and this too without the attraction of any library books.

It was now midsummer, and people were beginning to come in and to put up new houses; the saw-mill was kept running night and day, and they were bringing in lumber for miles around. The flouring-mill was raised, and was a very large building. But what seemed sad, they were damming up the creek, and it was no longer allowed to go dancing along, like a free bird through the air. Edward and Kate used to go down and see the men

work, and Kate said one day, — "You dear old creek why could n't they leave you alone, and let you have your own way, instead of stopping you here, with dirt and stones, and making you look so muddy? Well, you will jump over it after a while, and then you 'll go on again as bright as ever."

But Edward, more of a philosopher, replied, — "Don't you think every thing should be made useful? Now, it is all very nice to have the old brook run on, babbling, and doing nothing but please children. Mr. Richmond means to stop him, and say, — 'You may please work a little. Here are a good many people coming to live who want something to eat, and you can help grind out some wheat into flour, and then you can go and babble as much as you choose.' "

"Well, brother," said Kate, "you are a queer fellow; you have always got something sensible to say."

But Mr. Yates had a project in his mind. While the people generally seemed to be thinking of getting their own houses built, he had determined to try if they could not organize a district school, and raise a subscription to put up a building. So he went about during the day, whenever he could spare the time from his business, for a week or two, conversing with all the men who had children to educate, to interest them in the project. From a majority he met with words of encouragement and promises to help.

He came across one man, however, a "Hard-Shell Baptist," [1] from Tennessee, who gave him a most emphatic rebuff.

"What do I want," said he, "with book larnin' for my children? I never larnt to read, write, or cipher, and I should like to see you cheat me in a bargain. You might just as well say that it is necessary for preachers of the Gospel to have larnin'. Did n't Christ say to His preachers, the Apostles, — 'Take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, for it is not ye that speak but the Holy Ghost?' And yet people nowadays say you must send your preachers to Siminaries of larnin'."

"But, my dear friend," replied Mr. Yates, "don't you know that what Christ there says, has nothing to do with preaching? It was when they were brought before councils of wicked men to be tried, God promised to take their defense into His own hands. So He enabled them to preach on the day of Pentecost in such a way that they could be understood by people who spoke a great many different languages. Those were the days of miracles, which have long since passed; and a man can not now be prepared to preach without study any more than you could have made a horseshoe before you learned the trade."

[1] The "Hard-Shell Baptists" abound in Kentucky and Tennessee. They have likewise the cognomen of "Ironsides." They are opposed to an educated ministry; require those who officiate as preachers to support themselves by some secular calling, and ignore the idea of missions.

But, as we have said, as a general rule, those he talked with were in favor of having a school district organized, and a school-house built; so they had a meeting at the house of Mr. Yates in due time, and the necessary legal steps were taken, and the trustees elected.

As is always the case in such movements, the work falls upon one or two; and in this case Mr. Yates, and a young lawyer from Western New York, William Lester, were the prime movers.

This young man was a Churchman, not only by profession but from a heartfelt, earnest conviction that the Church was a visible body, organized by Christ and His Apostles; that it had existed as thus divinely constituted from the Apostles' days; that its ministry had been perpetuated in a line of succession through its Bishops; and that the promise, — "Lo, I am with you alway," — had been and would be fulfilled to the end of time.

He loved the Church, because he loved his Divine Master, who was its great Head. He believed that Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, had instituted such an organization, wherewith to further His purposes of mercy to a ruined world. He could not affiliate with the various religious bodies outside the Church, because, as he viewed it, they were setting up a human against a divine institution. He was convinced that if Christians could be again united under one visible organization, as Christ left His Church upon earth, they might wield a moral power, and

attain a success, equal to that which marked the early spread of Christianity.

He had, however, no feelings of bitterness toward those who differed from him, and he could rejoice with the Apostle, "If in any way Christ was preached," though he believed there was a better way.

He loved the Church, too, for its conservative character, in keeping clear of all entanglements with the exciting topics of the day. He said he could discuss politics at the hustings or on the streets, but when he went to the house of God, it was to hear the Gospel. In the fervid and yet chastened Liturgy he was sure there would be nothing introduced to interrupt the soul's communion with God. He could say, in the language of the hymn, —

> "Beyond my highest joy
> I prize her heavenly ways,
> Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
> Her hymns of love and praise."

This young man Mr. Yates soon found to be a co-worker with himself, not only in the public enterprise of forwarding the school, but more especially in that which was nearest his heart, the organization, in due time, of a parish. He had already proffered his services as a Sunday-school teacher, and it now became evident from the increase of scholars, with the very rapid growth of the village, that they must have a larger room in which to meet. It was on

this account that Mr. Yates was specially anxious to have the school-house built. Two young ladies, sisters of Mr. Lester, with their widowed mother, were soon to be added to the circle of Church families, and they would both be valuable aids as teachers.

CHAPTER V.

"Since all the coming scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
Oh, who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways."

"HOW strange," said Mr. Yates one day to his wife, "are the ways of Providence! How sadly did I rebel in my heart against God, when I saw the ruin that was coming upon me! Like the young man in the Gospel, I loved my great possessions, and I am afraid I was making an idol of my wealth. But God shattered it, in a moment, and sent me away bereft of my earthly goods, to look for comfort where alone it could be found; and though I had been, I trust, a Christian before, I knew but little of the real value of the Gospel as a sovereign balm for every wound. You, dearest, were indeed a helpmeet for me, in that dark hour, and your bright face and encouraging words helped to cheer my heart and nerve my arm many a time, when I was ready to sink into despondency.

"Do you recollect what a dismal day it was when we first worked our way through the mud and rain into town? I must confess, my heart sank within

me when I entered that door, carrying the baby, while you and the children followed. It does seem to me as if the March winds chilled every warm feeling of the heart, and blasted every bright and cheerful anticipation.

"But how changed every thing is now! I really feel more happy in this humble home, with this rag carpet and simple furniture, than I ever did in our spacious parlors covered with Brussels, and decorated with rosewood and satin damask chairs and sofas. What do *you* think about it, darling?"

Said Mrs. Yates: "I can sympathize in all you have said. I feel sometimes the absence of the pleasant circle of friends we used to have about us, and the little delicacies of the table, and especially the sea food to which we have always been accustomed; and I miss the kind visits of good old Mr. Wakefield, and above all the Services of the Church."

"I thought of all this," Mr. Yates replied. "But I was thinking *particularly* how greatly God had blessed us, in our work in the Sunday-school; and if we are most truly happy where we are most useful, we are surely doing a great deal more good here than we could have done at home.

"There is one thing wherein we have shown our wisdom, and it is a pity it could not be thought of and acted upon in every young village throughout the West. We have got the start here for the Church. The people, with a very few exceptions, let the children come to our Sunday-school, and we are

in this way most effectually making young Churchmen of them, as well as, I hope, training them up to love Christ.

"Yes, we are on the ground, and have effectually opened the way for the organization of a parish. As soon as we have the school-house built, Mr. Lester and I have determined to have Service. He is to read the sermon, you are to lead the singing, and I am to read prayers."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Yates, "how I will succeed in the part you have assigned to me, but if no one better can be found, I will try. I must tell you a piece of good news. You know Mrs. Eastman has been coming to me very often of late, and I have given her tracts to read, and a week or two ago I lent her one on the subject of Confirmation. It was 'The Pastor's Appeal to his Flock on Confirmation;' she told me her mind was entirely relieved on one point. She had always been looking for some great and sudden change, which, like an electric shock, to use her own words, 'was to go all over her,' so that she should rise from her knees a rejoicing saint. She says she sees now the absurdity of such an expectation, and that she has come to the deliberate yet humble determination to be confirmed, and to confess Christ before the world, as soon as she has an opportunity.

"She will be a valuable addition to our little flock. She is a sensible, working woman, with no propensity to meddle with what does not concern her. She

told me that Mrs. Yore did not think quite as badly of the Episcopalians as formerly; but she thinks the Methodists should have something to say, and that, when the school-house is finished, she would like to have Elder Chase preach there occasionally. Mr. Yore has been reading some of the tracts you gave me, and says he is going in, when the time comes, for an Episcopal church, and is anxious for the school-house to be finished so that you can begin the Service there. Now is n't that good news?"

"Indeed, it is; and the more reason," answered Mr. Yates, "that we should be happy in our humble home, more happy than we have ever been. Then, too, I have been remarkably prospered in my business. I have sold more goods already than I expected to sell in a year, and at remunerative profits. I have already ordered double the stock I brought with me, and have been able to make a large cash payment before it was due. God grant that I may not grow worldly and think too much of making money. I have always hoped to be able to send the children to good schools, and give them a thorough education. It has been my prayer, as I know it has been yours, that Edward may grow up with the right disposition of heart, and with sufficient talent, to make a useful clergyman. I have no ambition beyond this."

The flouring-mill had been finished, and as the crop had been gathered, and the grain prepared for market, the farmers began to come in with their

wagons loaded with wheat. It was a busy scene about the creek *now*, which so lately was running quietly along, babbling responsively to the low whispers of the gentle summer breeze.

The noisy clatter of the wheels, the buzzing of the stones, with the lowing of the oxen, and the passing to and fro of wagons, threw about the little town an air of life and activity, which gave the promise of still more rapid growth. Farmers came in from fifteen to twenty miles round, who had never heard of the village of Arlington, until the mill, getting into operation, furnished them a market for their grain.

This, as a matter of course, brought new customers to the store of Mr. Yates, and while his business increased, it furnished the opportunity also of extending his acquaintance. He had of necessity confined himself so closely to his store, that he knew but very few outside of the immediate vicinity of the village.

Among those who had come in with their loads of wheat, he noticed one particularly who impressed him, from his manners and conversation, as a gentleman of refinement and education. In the course of the conversation, he asked if they had any religious services in the town. Mr. Yates replied, that they had had a Sunday-school for several months in his house, and that as soon as the school-house was finished, they intended to have lay-reading according to the forms of the Episcopal Church.

"I am delighted to hear that," Mr. Jerome replied, "as I am a communicant of the Church, and my wife and son and daughters also. We have had the Service in our own house on every Sunday, but it would seem more like church to meet with our neighbors, and we might, after a little while, get enough together to call a clergyman for at least half the time. It is now nearly two years since we have seen a clergyman, and we would be willing to travel miles for such a privilege. How strange it is, that even Christian people seem to have so little appreciation of their Church privileges! I feel rebuked when I think how often I have stayed away from church, because I fancied myself a little indisposed, or the weather, perhaps, was not as pleasant as it might be. I recollect the remark one of our wardens once made, — an old gentleman sixty-five years of age, — that he had made it a rule, when a young man, never to stay away from church when he would have felt it his duty to go to his business."

"An admirable rule," replied Mr. Yates, "for religion *should* be regarded as the first business of our lives; as our blessed Master has taught us "to seek *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and has graciously connected with it the promise, — "All other things shall be added unto you."

A sympathy of opinions and feelings soon made friends of these gentlemen, and in true Christian hospitality Mr. Yates invited Mr. Jerome to dinner, with the cordial invitation, whenever he was in

town, to make his house his home. Mr. Jerome was equally pleased with Mrs. Yates. The conversation at the dinner-table was principally upon the subject of the Church, and they all grew animated at the bright anticipation of lay-reading in the schoolhouse. Mr. Jerome, before leaving, gave them a pressing invitation to visit his country home, and described the road so plainly that they would have no difficulty.

In the evening, Mr. Yates said to his wife, — " Before this beautiful Indian summer is over, let us fulfill our promise to Mr. Jerome. Mr. Lester has been so much in the store, and knows my marks and prices so well, that I will ask him to turn storekeeper for a day, and let us take the recreation of a visit.

CHAPTER VI.

"Aye, thou art welcome, Heaven's delicious breath,
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death."

ONE bright morning, not long after the conversation which closed the last chapter, Mr. Yates drove to the door with a horse and buggy, and taking his wife and little Mary, and leaving Edward and Kate to take care of the house, they set out on this drive of nine miles in the country. It was one of those lovely days in the early part of November, when the air was as bland as in summer, and the smoky atmosphere throwing a misty veil over every thing around, gave to objects in the distance that uncertain shape and coloring, which an awakened fancy might easily conjure into pictures to suit any mode of thought.

Our travelers, however, were in that happy mood which made every shifting scene only minister to their increased delight. They were leaving the valley of the Memnissippi, down which they had been driving for several miles, and as the road turned abruptly to the left, Mrs. Yates asked her husband to stop the carriage.

"I wish," she said, "to look back up the valley, and enjoy this beautiful scene."

And indeed it was enchanting. Nature was there, almost undisturbed in her loveliness. Very few settlements had been made along the course of the creek, as, fortunately or unfortunately, the land had been early bought by speculators, and was held at too high prices to enable the pioneer settlers to purchase it. The whole surface was broken by gently undulating hills gradually declining to the water, and opening picturesque vales in every direction, winding about like the walks of a landscape garden. The trees had put on their most gorgeous autumn dress, and such an infinite variety of rich and brilliant colors were displayed as only the pencil of the Almighty could paint.

"Think," said Mrs. Yates to her husband, "how beautiful heaven must be, when even in this sin-desolated earth God vouchsafes such a scene of beauty as this. I know of nothing that can be compared to it, except it be the gorgeous sunsets, when God lights up the clouds with the passing reflection of His own robe of glory. Do you recollect that passage in Mr. Wakefield's sermon? He was kind enough to let me copy it. I can repeat it, though not in the fervid and inspiriting tones of his electrical voice: —

"'I have seen the sun sink in the western horizon bathed in glory, and have watched the gorgeous magnificence of the fleecy clouds woven with

a radiance fit for an angel's robe, and have felt how utterly powerless is human language to paint, or the imagination to conceive, such a scene; and then have I thought how infinitely surpassing all this *must* be the brilliant adorning of our heavenly home, and how vain and presumptuous the attempt to describe its glory or its beauty.'"

The road on which they had turned led them up a gradual ascent, until it entered upon a broad plain of burr-oak openings, extending as far as the eye could reach clear of undergrowth, like a well-tended park, characteristic of our Western forests. To add to the excitement of the scene, a noble buck with spreading antlers started up before them, attended by a herd of his graceful companions, and after gazing for a moment upon the travelers with an affrighted look, as if impatient of the intrusion, galloped briskly away.

"Who could have the heart," said Mr. Yates, "to fire upon these beautiful creatures, with their soft black eyes and looks of innocence? I should go a long time without venison, before I could muster enough of the spirit of the hunter to pursue them to the death."

A mile further on they came out upon the banks of a little lake, sleeping calmly under the misty veil of the smoky atmosphere, which enveloped earth and sky; and about half a mile in the distance, round the head of the lake, upon a gentle elevation near the bank, stood an unpretending cottage, with

cleared fields at the side and in the rear, betokening the residence of some well-to-do farmer. Here were all the marks of cultivation, — the meadow, the brown stubble-field, and the shocks of corn, with the herds of grazing cattle and sheep.

"This," said Mr. Yates, "must be Mr. Jerome's;" and as they drove up they were convinced, by the neatness and taste in the arrangement of the buildings and the grounds, which, though involving little expense, furnished undoubted marks of cultivation and refinement. Their approach was perceived, and Mrs. Jerome came out in the true spirit of hospitality to receive them.

"I presume," said she, "this must be Mr. and Mrs. Yates. We are right glad to bid you welcome to our humble home. Mr. Jerome and my son are in the field, but they will be only too willing to rest from their work for the pleasure of your visit, as we are not often favored with such a privilege."

"Permit me," said Mr. Yates, "to take care of my horse, and I will go and find them out. In a new country, you know, we learn to look out for ourselves."

The day was passed in hearty Christian intercourse, marked by all those gentle courtesies, which, without the factitious embarrassments of mere fashionable etiquette, make society a ministry of the highest and purest enjoyment. The young ladies were as bright and cheerful as though they had been receiving the attentions of some favored lover; nor

did they allude, with even a passing expression of discontent and regret, to the days of worldly prosperity, when they were moving amid all the excitements of city life, with none of the perplexities of household cares.

There was not a servant in the house, or on the farm, and yet the dinner was prepared and served to please the most fastidious taste. Doubtless there had been many a vexatious trial before they could accustom themselves to their altered circumstances, but there was no trace in their bearing of the discipline to which they had been subjected, nor any attempt to apologize for the want of a more delicate complexion. There was a matronly dignity in the manner of the mother, and a simple ease and gracefulness in that of the daughters, which were in admirable keeping with their present circumstances.

The history of the family is that of hundreds of others in the West. Mr. Jerome had been a merchant in New York. He had gone there as a young man, had established a successful business, and had grown rich. He had married the daughter of one of the clergymen of the city, and his three children had grown nearly to manhood and womanhood in the midst of affluence. Early trained under religious influences, they had been kept from the vices of fashionable society, and amid the refinements of a highly cultivated circle of friends had enjoyed the best privileges of social intercourse.

But a reverse of fortune had in a moment stripped

Mr. Jerome of the hard-earned accumulations of years. There was no alternative left but to gather together what could be honestly saved, and begin life again in an humble way, with the assistance of those who owed their all of education and of moral and religious culture to his parental care. It never occurred to the children that they could have any interests apart from their parents; and they would have regarded it as an inexcusable selfishness had Walter the son, or either of the daughters, proposed to remain behind, to seek their own interest or pleasure.

Emily, the elder, could have supported herself by teaching music, which she would have cheerfully done, without the least feeling of mortification or degradation; but she knew well that her society was almost indispensable to her mother and sister. Each could say, in the spirit of Ruth "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge." Hence, they came to the West to share whatever privations might be allotted to them, and to enjoy their good fortune in common.

Nearly two years had elapsed since they had settled at Lakeside, and the quiet and cheerfulness of their own family circle were becoming every day more and more prized. When Mr. Jerome returned from the village and told them of his visit to Mr. Yates, and that he had invited the Yateses to return it, it was the first exclamation of each one, — "I am sorry. We are so happy and contented as

we are that we do not wish to risk its interruption." But when Mr. Jerome told them what refined and cultivated people they were, and especially when he unfolded the plans and prospects for the Church, and told them what had already been accomplished in the Sunday-school, and the expectation of the speedy completion of the school-house, and the beginning of lay-reading, and of the young gentleman who had so kindly volunteered to assist Mr. Yates, the whole family seemed animated with new life.

"Now," said Emily, "we shall have an opportunity to work for Christ and His Church. I have sometimes thought that we were rusting out here, but I have contented myself with the conviction that in due time God in His Providence would open the way, and then the responsibility of working would be thrown upon us."

"Yes," said her mother, "we were really growing selfish. Away from the stir and the bustle of the outer world, we were nursing ourselves for our own comfort, — content, if I may say so, to let the outsiders take care of themselves."

"But," said Clara, "it will be a long way to ride; and there will be many days when it will be impossible for us to go; and we cannot, therefore, assume any special responsibilities."

"Where there is a will there is a way," Emily replied; "at least, the proverb is sometimes true, and I 'll venture to say that we will find it as easy to go

to church, as many of those who live in the limits of the village."

So they went on to lay their plans of what they could and would do, to help forward the enterprise of inaugurating a parish.

Emily playfully said, "There is a young gentleman to help us; and that will be quite refreshing in our convent life. Besides, Walter, you must know he has two sisters, who are expected soon, and who knows what may follow? Matches, they say, are made in heaven; but that I don't believe, judging from some I have known; yet Providence does lead us sometimes, in paths we little dream of, to the consummation of our highest earthly happiness. But don't let us mingle any selfish anticipations in the blessed work that seems opening before us."

After the visit of the Yateses had been made, and they had spent the day together, comparing views, and it may be, at times, building airy castles, overlooking obstacles, and too eagerly anticipating the realization of their hopes, they were in high spirits, and even sure all the people would be of one heart and one mind in giving encouragement to the new parish. Mr. Jerome did not say one word to check their high hopes. He was willing that they should enjoy the holy pleasure arising from the anticipation of doing good, without an interruption, knowing that the time for disappointment would come soon enough.

CHAPTER VII.

"It is not they who idly dwell
In cloister gray, or hermit cell,
In prayer and vigil, night and day,
Wearing all their prime away,
Lord of heaven, that serve Thee well."

THE long-looked-for time came when the school-house was finished. In the arrangement of seats special care had been taken to make it comfortable when it should be used for public worship. By the side of the desk designed for the teacher was a platform raised a step, sufficiently wide for three benches ten feet long, and running lengthwise with the room. This was designed for recitation-benches; and when services were held there, by removing one of them, there was room for a melodeon, which the young ladies, through the influence of friends in New York, had already procured.

They had been in the village twice during the week, with their brother Walter, and had met at Mr. Yates's house with Mr. Lester, to rehearse the music for Sunday. Mrs. Yates was to play the melodeon, and the young people were to sing. Driving nine miles to attend a meeting of the choir for practice,

and that twice during one week, seems almost incredible, and yet all work is easy when the heart is in it. Nor was there any thing neglected which required attention at home. It was only necessary that they should rise a little earlier and be a little more energetic.

It is astonishing how much we can accomplish when every moment of our time is occupied. No one knows how many hours are idled away, until he is put in a position where his time is necessarily employed without interruption. They felt it important that they should commit no blunder or mistake at the opening Service, as they wished to make a good impression upon those who were unacquainted with the forms of worship. We all know how much earnest, hearty chanting adds to the devotional effect of the Church Service, and to this end they chose the sixth selection, and chanted that for the psalter. Due notice had been given that the school-house would be opened the next Sunday.

It was a bright day in the early part of December, just cold enough to keep the roads from thawing, and the walks in good condition, and to incite a disposition to walk briskly, and inhale deep draughts of the invigorating air. It was one of those days when every body seems in good spirits, and there is a disposition for mutual congratulations. Such days occasionally greet us, when the sun is unusually bright, the atmosphere unusually pure, the sky unusually blue ; when the world wears a cheer-

ful aspect, and we feel as if we had a new lease of life.

They had fixed upon the early hour of ten o'clock, as the most convenient, particularly for the people living in the country. At the time for the commencement of the Service the house was full, the Sunday-school children occupying the benches nearest the desk. Mr. Yates had scattered the Prayer-books about the room for the accommodation of any who might be disposed to use them. They were all of the same edition, so that he could direct them in finding the places by announcing the page. He explained the Service in a very few words. He told them they would observe the book was called the "Book of *Common Prayer;*" that this meant it was a *common* service, in which minister and people were to join; that there were portions for the minister, and portions for the people. He told them, further, that the object for which they professed to assemble was to worship God, and that there was no reason why the minister should have it all to himself, — that the people ought to have the privilege of uniting their *voices* as well as their hearts in the office of prayer and praise, and he invited them to take part in the responsive portions of the Service.

After a few words of this simple, explanatory character, and asking the congregation to rise, he began with that appropriate passage: "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be always acceptable in thy sight, O Lord! my

strength and my Redeemer." Then followed the exhortation, every word of which was so fitting, so direct, appealing to the judgment, the conscience, and the heart, that when the General Confession came, there was a prevalent disposition to unite in its words of penitence and contrition, and many followed the example of the Church people, and got upon their knees, who had never knelt before.

The sermon selected was short, plain, and practical, setting forth the duty and the privilege of public worship and the necessity of the divinely appointed means of grace to maintain in the minds of the people an acknowledgment of the sovereign authority of God, the importance of a personal submission to His laws, and compliance with the terms of the Gospel.

The Sunday-school children took a prominent part in the responses and also in the chants, which were the simple Gregorian, so that the congregation would soon be enabled to join in them.

There was no disposition on the part of the choir to get up any fine music, or any attempt to aim at display, though Miss Emily could sing most enchantingly many of the airs from the popular operas. They regarded their position in the choir, not as designed to show off their accomplishments, but simply to lead the devotions of the people in praising God, and they were most pleased when they could get the congregation to join them in singing.

The effect of this first Service was all that could be desired. The large majority of the people went away more than satisfied — they were delighted.

Our friend, the Hard-Shell Baptist, said to his wife, as they were going home, — "Now, all that may be very fine, but I don't believe that 's the way Christ taught His preachers to do. Do you believe He told them 'Take your book and go and preach?'"

"What 's the reason," his wife replied, "that you are so afraid of books? Is n't the Bible a book? and don't your preacher read out of it and preach out of it? I was reading the other day one of the tracts that Mrs. Eastman left, and I read there that Christ and His Apostles used to go to the synagogue to attend public worship and to preach, and that they had books in which all the prayers were written. Now, if that 's so, I don't want any better authority."

"Better find out whether it is really so," answered her husband. "These Episcopalians are like the Catholics; they are very cunning proselyters, and they 'll have you before you know it."

"Don't be afraid of me. I am not going blindly into any thing. But if I can see plainly a good reason to change, I ought to change. We ought to seek the truth. It has always puzzled me why there should be so many kinds of churches. Do you believe Christ started them all? If he did n't, which one of them did he start? That 's the question. I don't see why it cannot be answered. I am no

reader of history, but there must be a history that goes back to the time of Christ and His Apostles, and that will tell whether the first Church had bishops or not, whether it had prayer-books or not; and if it did, then I am going to that Church, for I believe that Christ knew, better than any short-sighted mortal, how to make His own Church."

This was a poser to her husband, and he made no reply.

By this time they had overtaken Mr. and Mrs. Yore, and Mrs. Yore began addressing Mrs. Brown, for that was the name of our friend.

"Well, Mrs. Brown, what did you think of the meeting? Were you as much pleased as my husband was?"

"I can't say as to that," answered Mrs. B. "It was rather strange, but it was sensible. I am of the opinion that after I hear it awhile, and can find the places, I shall like it. Didn't you think the singing very sweet?"

"I see," said Mrs. Yore, "you are getting converted too. I'll venture to say Mr. Brown is not so easily won over."

"That 's *so*," said Mr. Brown. "I'm a hard-shell, and not to be put into molds, and come out another shape entirely, because some people who may have more book-larnin' than I may think differently. I have been too long in my way of thinking, to be got out of it easily. You know,

when a cart-wheel has been running in the same rut and wearing it down day after day, it is hard to get it out, and particularly when it is loaded down, and so many years have made my opinions hang heavy."

"But," said Mr. Yore, "I have never known any thing about the Episcopal Church before, and if, after learning about it, I find it better than the way I have been accustomed to, or even as good, I think, as a reasonable man, I ought to support it. This is a small town, and it will probably be some years before we can support more than one Church, and if this suits us, why not go in for it and have a united congregation. If ever I join a Church, I want to see a little more harmony than there generally is among Christians. My wife here would send for old Elder Chase, and the first thing he would do would be to fire his popguns at all the people that did n't agree with him either in politics or religion. I don't believe the politics of either party ought to be preached on Sunday. One thing I know, that there is very little religion in politics as they are now managed, and if we ever get a minister, I hope he will keep politics out of the pulpit. I want to go to meeting to forget our party squabbles, and to be made to feel that we have got to live for another world. Since little Nellie has been spared to us, I have felt more grateful to God than ever before ; and I can tell you there is true religion in the heart of

that good woman who watched night and day at her bedside. And you never hear her say one word against any body, and Nellie loves her as her own mother, and she believes that God spared her in answer to her prayers."

CHAPTER VIII.

"To join advantage to amusement;
. . to gather profit with pleasure.'

WEEK after week passed away, and the lay services in the school-house continued to be well attended. There seemed to be a growing interest on the part of the people, as they learned to unite in the services, and the responses were louder and more general than in many of our large city churches.

"There is one thing," said Mrs. Yates to her husband, "which I believe would cement the people together, and make them feel more as if they had a common interest, and that is, to bring them together socially, and have them work for the Church. Why can we not have a mite society, with a view to accumulate something toward building a church? By beginning early, we may, by adding little to little, get together a sum that will help us materially when we are ready to build. Now that we have no salary to raise, and no expenses of any kind, the people will feel as if they could contribute something, and then we will have an organization by which we can work together systemat-

ically. Would there be any impropriety in inviting the people on next Sunday to meet at our house some evening during the week, to become acquainted with one another, and to adopt some plan to work together for the Church? We have moonlight nights now, and good sleighing, so that the Jeromes can come in; and Mrs. Lester and her daughters are fairly settled in their new home, and I have no doubt they will enter heartily into our scheme, and as their house is larger than ours, that will be a good place for meeting too. Mrs. Eastman and I have talked the matter over, and she fully agrees with me that we can do a great deal of good in this way. She says she has heard some people say that 'these Episcopalians are exclusive, and think too much of themselves to mingle in society with people that are not fashionable.' For goodness' sake don't let us in any way, directly or indirectly, give them cause for such a reproach against the Church. It is true there may be some incongruities in bringing people together who have not been accustomed to associate with each other; but what does this matter? I am sure I do not feel above the poorest or the most ignorant, and what have any of us poor mortals to boast of? When you can once get at the hearts of the most unpromising in their exterior, you will find it true, as Solomon says, that 'As face answereth to face in water, so doth the heart of man to man.'"

"Darling," said her husband, "you have sug-

gested just what has been in my own mind! But I thought it was asking too much of you; and though we may make the smallest possible preparation, yet with your awkward servant, the trouble and work will devolve mostly upon you."

"Oh, I will attend to that. Mrs. Eastman says she will come over and help me, and she is one of your business women, who performs more than she promises. I am becoming more attached to her every day. She is a true lady, though she has had but few advantages of education or society. She has a native refinement of manner and feeling, that would never offend the most fastidious, and she is an earnest Christian woman, whose heart is in the Church. She attributes her change from worldliness to the love of Christ entirely to our Services, and the tracts she has been privileged to read. She tells me that both Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey are deeply interested, not only in learning about the Church, but in their souls' welfare. The sermons Mr. Lester has read are so direct and searching, that it is hard, it seems to me, not to be impressed by them. She says they have spoken to her on the subject of Baptism. Neither of them has been baptized, and they are so convinced that it is their duty and privilege, that they have been talking of going over to the village of B., where there is a Church clergyman. Why could we not get a clergyman to come and make us a visit? I am sure we could easily get money enough to pay his expenses. But that

is foreign to the subject. Let us decide to have the notice given on Sunday for next Thursday. That will give me plenty of time, and we can see the Jeromes, and have them promise to come in. I am sorry to see that one of the Misses Lester is disposed to put on airs. She is very young, but she may by her imprudent jests make us trouble. At any rate, I shall take the privilege of my age to put her on her guard. She has got an idea that she has come out here where people are in their primitive simplicity, and as she has been in Buffalo a winter, and seen a little of society there, she is capable of prescribing rules for good breeding. She is a good girl at heart, and I know I can give her a hint without hurting her feelings. Her comments on a bonnet she saw in church last Sunday were ludicrous enough. She is a capital mimic, and took off to perfection the air and manner of a young woman who preposterously aims at being the leader of *ton*, and who is the '*help*,' as they call her, of Mrs. Brockmeyer."

"Have you called upon Mrs. Brockmeyer?" asked Mr. Yates. "I would not neglect it, or do any thing to give the impression that we do not welcome them. It may be questionable whether there is business enough yet for two stores; but the village is growing so fast and the country filling up so rapidly that we shall need more than two in a short time. I only hope that he is willing to do business in an honorable way. I have called at his store and given

him the assurance of my good wishes. He is quite young, but seems a sensible, good-hearted man. I don't know whether he is a religious man or has any Church preferences; I am rather afraid he is tinged with the German infidelity which is spreading all over the country. I hope the day is far distant when we shall have a beer-garden as a place of Sunday resort. That whisky-shop near the mill is getting to be quite a nuisance. There have been one or two Irish rows there already."

"The Social" came off on the appointed evening. It was a lovely moonlight night, the sleighing was fine, and not only did the Jeromes come in, but two or three other families from the country who had attended Service in the school-house. All were invited, and as each had some acquaintances, they were enabled in this way to be introduced, and it was taken for granted that no one would be there who was unworthy of being received.

Mr. and Mrs. Yates felt it their duty to be attentive to all their guests without distinction, and the Jeromes assisted them as hosts. Young Lester that evening ignored special preferences, though when Miss Emily sang it was evident his ears were open, and at one time, when she was singing a touching ballad, — for she attempted no operatic music, — before he was aware he was standing at the piano, and seemed spell-bound.

"I hope you will forgive me for leaving so abruptly," he said, as he returned to Mrs. Brockmeyer

"You are very pardonable," she replied. "If I was a young man, I don't believe I could resist, any more than yourself, not only the attractions of that sweet voice, but of that lovely face. I did not expect to find such society in the far West. You will not meet in any of the country villages in Pennsylvania a more agreeable collection of respectable people. There will always be some *outré* persons in every assembly of this kind, but there are as few here as you will find anywhere. There is my 'help,' as she calls herself, Maggie, one of the most pretentious, and has rigged herself up in the most showy style. She is a good girl, but she has an idea of being grand, and disfigures herself, and spoils a really pretty face to be *fashionable*. She takes Madam Demarest's 'Mirror of Fashion,' and has her hair as you see in the latest style. She is the daughter of a respectable farmer, and is willing to work out by the month, in order to be in a village, and earn a little money to indulge her fancy in dress. You see she has two or three young men from the country in her train. Such a gathering as this is her idea of what constitutes the most perfect enjoyment."

Mr. Jerome met Mr. Eastman in the course of the evening, and said, — "It does even us good whose heads are beginning to put on the blossoms of age, to meet together in this cheerful way, and recognize that there are some social claims upon us. Now I would not have the least objection in the

world, to let the young people who are here, and some of the older ones if they cared for it, have a dance. But it would not do; and Mr. and Mrs. Yates think so too, as well as your good wife. Some of our left-handed brethren elsewhere have given us the *sobriquet* of the 'Dancing Church,' and I would do nothing that could bring a reproach upon the Church, no matter how groundless it might be."

"You are right," replied Mr. Eastman. "I was brought up to look upon dancing as the very quintessence of worldliness; and I recollect I was startled once at hearing a Methodist elder, while preaching against it, ask, — 'Would you like to be called into eternity in the midst of a quadrille?' He regarded *this*, and so did I at the time, as an unanswerable argument against a deadly sin. And yet, when I came to reflect, I concluded that with the same propriety he might have asked, — 'Would you like to be called into eternity in the midst of amusement or business of any kind?' and by the same reasoning he might have argued that we should never do any thing but pray, as we are liable to die at any moment. And yet we should heed even unreasonable prejudices, for the sake of the Church, and neither eat meat nor drink wine, lest it cause a brother to offend."

"We are agreed there," said Mr. Jerome, "and you have been brought up outside our Church, and know much better than I what are the weapons used

against us. Now this little gathering is called a 'Church Social,' and therefore the Church in some measure is properly held responsible for what transpires here."

"Yes, as you say, I know what weapons are used against us, and I am therefore prepared to hear almost any thing, no matter how preposterous or absurd. We have been unfortunate, I fear, in the schoolmaster we have got here this winter. Ebenezer Williams is a close-communion Baptist, of the straitest of his sect, who might have been one of the meeting which *Resolved*, 1st, That the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; *Resolved*, 2d, That the Lord decreed the earth to His saints; *Resolved*, 3d, That we are the *saints*. Now I would not be understood that he is a fair representation of any sect of the Baptists, but unfortunately for them he has set himself up as their special advocate, and in order to this, he considers it as his bounden duty to throw every obstacle he can in a quiet way to impede our progress. He knows he has to be very careful, as the feeling for the Episcopal Church is growing stronger and more general every day; yet I hear of an occasional remark from him, or some very innocent question, such as, — 'I wonder if these Episcopalians believe in a change of heart? Do they really think their preachers can forgive sins? What would their ministers do if they were sent for to pray for a man who had broken his leg, when they have n't such a prayer in their

book?' And, then, I am satisfied the slander I heard against our friend Mr. Yates could be traced to him."

"Slander against Mr. Yates!" Mr. Jerome exclaimed in amazement. "It is n't possible, they can't get up any thing against so good a man."

"You forget, Mr. Jerome, that our blessed Saviour was most scandalously reviled, that He was called a wine-bibber, that He was accused of stirring up sedition among the people, and that He was persecuted even unto death. The *best* men must make up their minds to be reviled in this wicked world."

"Yes, it is so; and that reminds me of what I heard my father-in-law once say, — who, you know, was a clergyman in New York city, — and I thought it at the time very strange. He said he began to be afraid he was not doing his duty faithfully, as every body seemed to be speaking well of him! But, poor man, it was not many years after this that the parish thought they must have a new church up-town, and because he thought, and said so, that it was really criminal to be abandoning the lower part of the city, which needed the ministrations of the Church, and that soon the poor people there would be like the very heathen without the gospel, and proposed, that instead of selling the church, they should keep it as a free church, he raised such a storm about his ears, that it came very near driving him from the parish. But what in the world have they got against our friend Yates?"

"Why, I was asked if I did n't think that Mr. Yates was looking out for a nomination to the Legislature, and if running a church was not a very good way to help one to run into office. Such an insinuation was so contemptible that I could hardly keep my temper, but I replied very calmly, — '*I wonder if it is so?* It is rather strange, however, for a *politician* to pursue such a course. They generally, instead of running churches, run to the whisky-shop, and make friends with "Paddy O'Rafferty and Mike O'Connor," or sit down in the beer-garden on Sunday, and drink lager and abuse the Sunday laws. But I presume Mr. Yates must be something of a reformer, and designs getting up a pious party in politics. Do you know, my friend,' said I, 'whether he is a Republican or a Democrat, because if he is a Republican I shall most likely vote for him!' Now, Mr. Jerome, these miserable insinuations came from the same source; they were hatched in the schoolhouse. Mrs. Post, who is a Baptist, and a truly amiable Christian woman, frequently visits my wife, and she repeats these things very innocently as coming from him. As to the insinuation against Mr. Yates, she resented it at once, and told him, if all Episcopalians were as good as he, they would bear comparison with the Baptists. But the slanders against the Church she is not qualified to contradict."

Mrs. Post coming up very soon, was introduced by Mr. Eastman to Mr. Jerome.

"This is a right pleasant gathering," said Mrs. Post. "I have always heard that you Episcopalians were so exclusive and stiff, that you did n't want to mingle with other denominations."

"You see," replied Mr. Jerome, "that it is not so, and so is it with a great many things we hear: they turn out to be utterly without foundation."

"Yes, I am learning the truth of this every day. Mr. Williams came to me this afternoon, and said to me, 'You had better not go to the Social. These Episcopals always have dancing at their parties, and you will find yourself at a dancing party, and then I will be obliged to report you to the church.' I told him I could n't help it. If they danced, it would not be my fault, and I did n't see how I was committing a sin merely by being where people danced. My husband told me he was going, and that if I did not commit any more sin than I should be led into by coming here, I would scarcely lose my chance of getting to heaven. Do you know, I think Mrs. Yates the sweetest woman I ever saw. And my husband says there never was another such a man as Mr. Yates. He is always so pleasant, and ready and willing to pay reasonable prices for work, and while he is n't always 'talking religion' he is *living* it."

"I don't know this Mr. Williams," Mr. Jerome replied. "I have no children of the age to send to school, and he rarely, I believe, attends our Sunday services at the school-house."

"He often goes off," she answered, "to a neighborhood some eight or nine miles down the creek, where he says there are some of our people, and holds a prayer-meeting. I believe he has some notion of being a preacher. But, dear me! I am sure I would rather hear our Service at the school-house, and one of those good sermons Mr. Lester reads, than all the preaching he could do. I sometimes think if it was n't for your practice of sprinkling, and baptizing children that can't *repent* and *believe*, I would become an Episcopalian. I have got over all my prejudices against book-prayers in church, that our ministers used to preach against, and I really believe I enjoy the worship more than I would to hear extempore prayers, because sometimes they are not very devotional."

"As to your objection to the *mode* of baptism," Mr. Jerome answered, "that is very easily got along with. Our Church allows of immersion, and not unfrequently our ministers practice it, when they find early prejudices so deeply fixed as to make the candidate dissatisfied with pouring or sprinkling. As to Infant Baptism, I would not give up the comfort of believing as the Church teaches with regard to it for any earthly good. I often wonder how, if Baptists love their children as I do mine, and I know they do, they can be satisfied, during the period of their infancy and childhood, to have them remain out of covenant with God, just like the heathen. God has always had a

Church in the world and it has been the Divine rule from the first, and under every dispensation, to receive the children into His holy Covenant. If it was so under the old dispensation, which was but the shadow of good things to come, surely we might infer it must be so under the new, where all the privileges of the Church would be enlarged, instead of contracted. When our blessed Master was upon earth, He singled them out as the special objects of His affection. He took them in His arms, and blessed them, and said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven,' or, in other words, such compose my Church. And it is a matter of history, that in the early Church the question was not raised, whether infants were to be baptized. It was the universal practice to baptize them, and the only question was, I think, in the time of St. Cyprian, who lived about two hundred and fifty years after St. John, whether it was necessary that they should be baptized on the *eighth* day, the time when the rite of circumcision was administered. I have a book I would like to lend you, and if you would read it carefully I believe it would satisfy all your scruples. It is most appropriately named, and in fact it was the name that first attracted my attention. It is called 'Mercy to Babes.' If you will read it, I will bring it with me next Sunday."

"I will read it most cheerfully," said Mrs. Post, "for my husband was brought up as a Congre-

gationalist, and they believe in Infant Baptism, and he has often said he would like to have the children baptized."

In this way, in cheerful conversation, with music and singing, the evening passed pleasantly. The biscuit and boiled tongue and cake and coffee were excellent, and bountifully provided, and at a reasonable hour the company dispersed, all gratified to learn that in a fortnight from that time they were invited to spend the evening at Mr. Lester's. Each of the guests was to bring a dime, or more if they chose, which was to be paid to Mrs. Eastman, who had been selected as the treasurer; with the understanding that it was to accumulate, with a view to furnish the church, which was to be built as soon as they were assured they could get means enough to justify them in beginning.

The winter in a northern climate is a favorable season for social visiting, and for intercourse between country and village. The fine sleighing, which lasted for nearly three months without intermission, furnished inducement particularly for the young people to mingle together, and Mr. Jerome's house was no longer the quiet convent the girls had playfully represented it to be. Two of the Socials were held there, and the people were out in stronger force than when they were given in the village. It furnished them a good opportunity for a pleasant sleigh-ride, while they were contributing at the same time to a laudable object.

Now, some sanctimonious anchorite may be disposed to look upon this as incongruous, and utterly inconsistent with Christian sobriety. Ebenezer Williams was horrified. He said this was proof of the worldliness of these Episcopalians. He understood they never opened these meetings with prayer. He perhaps had never read, or if he had, he had never appreciated the meaning of the words of the wise man: "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven. . . . A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance."

These gatherings, by reason of the presence of fathers and mothers, and from the fact that the leading young people were devout Christians, were always characterized by a becoming moderation, while the ruddy glow of health, and the full flow of animal spirits, gave a bright and cheerful expression to the animated faces of one and all. Their hearts were in their rational pleasures, as well as in the devout occupation of prayer and praise. And this was as it should be. Our Divine Master has hallowed the rational enjoyment of social pleasures, by working His first miracle at a wedding. And what was that miracle? Converting water into wine, to add to the festivity of the company. And yet, who would dare to charge the Saviour of the World with ministering to sinful appetites and passions? He was graciously pleased to show in this way that a becoming enjoyment of the good

things of this life is not incompatible with His service. But on no account can it be used as a justification for intemperance and dissipation, for excessive devotion to the world, or for a soft and luxurious style of living, which looks only to selfish gratification. The mean between the two extremes is undoubtedly the path in which the disciple of Christ ought to tread, and he is to show by his walk and conversation that he is heedful of St. Paul's injunction, — "Let your moderation be known unto all men."

The influence of these social gatherings was not only to check dissipation among those who might have been tempted to go where there were none of these wholesome restraints, but directly to interest them in what they all soon began to feel was a common work for the Church. The village every week was receiving additions to its population, and the strangers soon found their way to these pleasant reunions, and there learned of the services which were held in the school-house, and of the anticipated church, which in due time was to rise on what was now generally known as the Church Lot. Upon this subject there seemed to be no divergent interests. It is true there were a few who kept studiously away from the lay services, and also from the Church socials, but it caused no remark, and did not interfere in the least with the prevailing unanimity. And this unanimity was not because the new-comers were Church people. On the other

hand, the most of them had known but little of the Episcopal Church, and their preferences at the first would have led them elsewhere.

"You see," remarked Mr. Yates to his wife, one Sunday after they returned from Service, "the wisdom of our course, in beginning so early with the Sunday-school and lay-reading. To-day the school-house was uncomfortably full, and that too of people not drawn there from curiosity, but of those who apparently took a hearty interest in the Service. And I know it must be so, from the constant application at the store for tracts and Prayer-books. And I have not yet found one, able to pay, who will receive a Prayer-book as a gift. They all insist upon paying, and I am accumulating in this way quite a fund, which I propose to use as the basis of a parish library. The last fifty Prayer-books which Mr. Wakefield sent us as a present from Mr. Briggs, are nearly gone. I am more and more convinced of our wisdom in beginning so early to work for the Church."

"Yes," Mrs. Yates replied, "and I am convinced that this purpose was from a higher source than our own selfish hearts. I have often thought it singular, that at the very time we were discussing the plan of beginning a Sunday-school our dear children were talking about it too. And they have never grown weary in well-doing. Ned and Kate to-day are just as much interested, as the morning they started out to gather the first scholars. And I

can see the hand of Providence in every subsequent act of our history. How strange it was that Jimmy Dorsey should sicken and die just as he did. That funeral service, and the fact that I did no more than my duty in attending and nursing that sick child, gave us both an influence that it might have taken years to gain in the ordinary course of things. And then, too, we have been so fortunate in the acquisitions we have had of Church people. Young Lester is a model young man in every thing that should characterize a gentleman and a Christian. And I am the more surprised at it, because while his mother is a good woman in her way, and his sisters are very unexceptionable girls, yet they none of them evince that earnest spirit of self-consecration which seems to characterize every thought and word of Edward. Emily Jerome is more like him than any one else; and though I have no reason to say so now, yet I should not be at all surprised if they should make a match, and if they do, I shall believe that it is one of those matches that are made in heaven. I think, too, that Edward has mistaken his profession, and that one of these days he will see it himself, and enter the sacred ministry."

"You are a castle-builder, sure enough," answered Mr. Yates, "but I will give you the credit of saying that your castles are generally built upon a stronger foundation than air, and I have often noticed that they are justified by the developments

of time. I hope it may be so in this case; and I will add, that not only may the match be made, and the marriage take place, and not only may the young lawyer become a minister, but more than that, when our church is built and consecrated, may he be our Rector. And is there any thing improbable in all this? I am sure he would be the unanimous choice of the people, and he would not require many years' preparation. Theology has already been more his study than the law, and his knowledge of men acquired through his present profession would be worth more than five years' application in a seminary."

CHAPTER IX.

"Oft, ere the common source be known,
The kindred drops will claim their own;
And throbbing pulses silently
Move heart toward heart by sympathy."

IT was one of those clear cold days so grateful in a northern winter that Edward Lester turned his horse's head from the valley of the creek to ascend the gentle acclivity leading through the forest toward Lakeside. The day before had been misty and sleety, and every branch was covered with a glittering coat of ice. The brilliant god of day was scattering down his rays in showers of golden sunlight, reflected in myriads of sparkling diamonds. As he woke to a consciousness of its beauty he could hardly persuade himself that he was not in fairy land. There was not a living creature in sight, and in his reverie he had dropped the reins on his horse's neck, suffering the faithful animal, who had traveled the road often enough to know his master's will, to have his own way.

What an emblem of purity, thought he, is this undefiled snow! God has spread it over the dark earth, as He spreads the robe of a Saviour's right-

eousness over our sin-defiled souls. And then these glittering diamonds! Can heaven's jewelry be more resplendent? It would not soil the wings of angels to worship in a temple like this, with pillars of these noble oaks and heaven's own archway for the roofing!

Before he was aware, his horse had stopped in front of the cottage at Lakeside. The engagement between Mr. Lester and Miss Emily Jerome was no longer a matter of conjecture among their friends. His visits, therefore, were never unexpected. He had, however, sought the present interview with a special purpose.

"Emily," said Mr. Lester, "you have a right to know my thoughts, feelings, and plans for the future. I have been thinking, for months past, of giving up the practice of the law, and studying for the sacred ministry. I love the law. It is a noble study, and I never investigate the great principles of jurisprudence which underlie its forms of practice without an increasing admiration of the massive proportions of man's intellectual powers. There are many things in its practice which interest me, and I know I can be the means of doing good in my profession; yet there are many things *not* in accordance with my tastes, and I am learning every day to have less and less relish for them. Since assisting Mr. Yates in lay-reading, I have often been led to ask myself, 'Ought I not to answer the call that comes up from so many waste places of

our land, and prepare to enter the harvest, where the laborers are so few?' I have prayed earnestly that I might be guided to a right decision. I have felt sadly the want of human sympathy and advice. I have not said a word to my mother or my sisters, for I am afraid they would discourage me. They are, it is true, communicants of the Church, but they are not as self-denying as they ought to be; and my mother is ambitious for me, and hopes that I may commend myself to political favor, and in due time secure an election to Congress. Now I have no taste for politics, and certainly not for whisky and lager-beer. I edited for a while a political paper in Western New York, and saw enough of the intrigues and dishonesty of party politics to disgust me forever with political life. I have sometimes thought I would make confidants of Mr. and Mrs. Yates, and tell them my misgivings, my hopes, and my *dreams*, for I can hardly call them plans; but it seemed rather presuming upon an acquaintance of so short duration. But *now* I have *one* to whom I can confide every thing, in whose judgment, and good sense, as well as in whose *love*, I can trust implicitly. Tell me, then, what do you think of my day-dream?"

"I don't think, Edward, you ought to speak of it as a *day-dream*. I trust to live to see it all a blessed reality, though I am afraid I should not make a very good wife for a clergyman."

"That you will make the very best wife for a

clergyman is one strong argument in determining my decision. Yet it is a fearful responsibility to assume the sacred office of the ministry. I have been reading the 'Ordination Addresses' by the Bishop of Oxford, and I have *never* read such searching of motives, and such a tremendous setting forth of duties and responsibilities. It seems hard to meet the requirements which he enumerates and enjoins; but I know we have that precious promise, which has special reference to the ministry, — 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' I don't know how much time it will require to prepare, for I have been reading Theology under the direction of my old pastor, Dr. Roberts, for the last two years. I think he has all along expected that I would eventually prepare for the ministry. As soon as I decide definitely, I shall write to him, and ask his advice. My share of my father's estate has been untouched, as I have supported myself since I have entered upon the practice of my profession, and have been able to build the house which my mother and sisters now occupy. Their income by proper economy will support them comfortably, so that every difficulty of that kind is removed. But I am afraid it will be necessary for me to leave home, so that I can be under the more immediate direction of a competent instructor. I should dislike to leave *now*, I need not tell *you* why; and then it would be throwing a good deal of labor on Mr. Yates, whose business requires so much of his time. There is a spirit of

inquiry among the people about the Church, and, I hope, a deep religious feeling with many utterly careless heretofore. I spent last evening at Mr. Brockmeyer's, and both he and his wife are evidently seriously impressed, and only need to be encouraged and guided to enlist as soldiers of Christ. They both have been baptized and are reading on the subject of Confirmation. I can enumerate a dozen who with proper training could be led to assume their baptismal vows."

"I do not see," said Emily, "why you need go away. And I do not say it with a selfish feeling. I believe you can study as well here under the direction of your old pastor, Dr. Roberts, and you would be having the best kind of training in the work you are now doing. This kind of training, I have heard father say, the young men from the seminary lack. They go from college to the seminary, and from the seminary to take charge of a congregation, when they know nothing of human nature, and are often subjected by their ignorance in this respect to sad mortification. Your experience in the world will be of great service to you, and especially in a western parish where every thing is unformed, and by proper judgment can be molded into a churchly shape."

"I will write immediately," he answered, "state all the circumstances, and leave my good and true friend to guide me."

After Mr. Lester had left, Emily told her father of his contemplated change of profession.

Mr. Jerome at once replied: "It is clearly his duty. He is well fitted by his tastes, his talents, and his admirably balanced character for the duties and responsibilities of the sacred office. His experience in the ways of the world, and his intellectual training in the study and practice of the law, would be a great help to him in the exercise of his ministry. I see," said he, "no reason for his leaving Arlington. He is now in the best of schools, — nor could we spare him. By the time he is ordained, the church will be consecrated, and he will be here, ready to enter upon his duties."

"Now, papa," said Clara, "I think you are building 'castles in the air.'"

"Not at all, my darling. I have said nothing unreasonable, and nothing that I do not really believe may come to pass."

"If it should turn out so," exclaimed Clara, "how pleasant it would be. And how do you think Mrs. Lester would please the parish? I know she would meet a warm greeting from Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Richmond, Mrs. Edwards, and Mrs. Dorsey. Mrs. Brockmeyer has always been an enthusiastic admirer of hers, and even Mrs. Yore once said, — 'She did believe that girl had vital piety.' So I think I could promise '*her riverence*,' as old Mike used to call grandma, a pleasant introduction."

CHAPTER X.

"Lessons sweet of spring returning,
Welcome to the thoughtful heart,
May I call ye sense or learning,
Instinct pure or heavenly art?
Be your title what it may,
Sweet and lengthened April day,
While with you, the soul is free
Ranging wide on hill and lea."

THE winter had passed away, and spring was again putting on her garments of emerald green. The young fruit-trees were in bloom and the modest wild flowers in the sunny glen were lifting their gentle heads to smile on those who love Nature in her artlessness. The air was mild, and every thing seemed to invite to out-door engagement and enjoyment. Mr. Richmond's palace of a house was finished, and his wife had arrived only a few days before, to find it all furnished and ready for occupation. The grounds had been laid out under the direction of the cultivated taste of a landscape gardener. The lot embraced several blocks of the embryo village, and formed an elevated plateau in the bend of the Memnissippi, which, having been arrested in its course at the mill below, here spread out into a little lake, with

banks clear of undergrowth, and gently descending to the water's edge. There were no low marshy grounds to disfigure the prospect and excite the unpleasant anticipation of chills and fever. As seen from the rear of the house, the water view was like one of those many beautiful lakes scattered over Wisconsin, which sparkle like gems in her emerald coronet. A winding walk from the steps of the back piazza led down to the water's edge, passing through a tasteful summer-house, of irregular shape, with four young oaks for its rustic pillars. Clumps of ornamental trees, and evergreens of various species, were arranged without the appearance of design, to hide some uninviting or open up some pleasant prospect. The young grass was just springing up, and presented that peculiarly rich, velvet green, which the fresh verdure of spring assumes; while the crocus of various shades, and daffodils, and jonquils, in beds, scattered in various directions, gave a bright and cheerful air to the scene. It was no wonder that Mrs. Yates, calling upon the newly arrived stranger, found her with her young friend rambling over the grounds, and insisted upon her not returning to the house, preferring to enjoy with them the fresh and fragrant air and the lovely views.

"I hope, Mrs. Richmond," said Mrs. Yates, "that you will have enough to engage your time and thoughts in looking after this beautiful place of yours, so that you will not become lonely, and sigh

for your eastern home. I know you will find a great difference between the large circle of associates and friends, to which you have been accustomed, and the small and unpretending society of our new village. But I can assure you, among the few we have here, and in the vicinity, there are those who would grace any society, in intelligence and refinement, and almost without exception, they are really pleasant and deserving people."

"My husband," answered Mrs. Richmond, "has prepared me to expect a pleasant society, and I have come at any rate with the determination to be pleased, as Providence seems to have destined this to be my home, and I mean as far as possible to like every thing. And don't you think I would be very ungrateful to complain, after my kind and indulgent husband has done so much to make me contented?"

"Most certainly I should," answered Mrs. Yates; "and with your young friend here, you could enjoy yourselves without any other society, unless you should think such a mode of life too selfish for beings like ourselves, mutually dependent one upon another."

"When I came West," said Mrs. Richmond, "I determined to interest myself in every thing connected with our new village, and I was rejoiced to hear that religious services were held in the schoolhouse, and more than gratified that they were under the direction of the Episcopal Church. I am not a

communicant of the Church, but my parents were, and though they died in my childhood, and I was left to the care of my aunt, who was a Presbyterian, and hence have been more familiar with the Presbyterian church, yet I always determined when I united with any church, it should be that of my father and mother. For the past two years, since my marriage, I have been privileged to attend the Episcopal Church, and I have learned to love its Services; and our little Annie, who was taken from us last summer, was baptized by the Episcopal clergyman at Newport. When Mr. Richmond told me that your husband had organized a Sunday-school and that the school-house was opened every Sunday morning for worship, I felt that one of the most serious objections to our removal was obviated. Miss Randall and I were schoolmates, and she only consented to come with me, after she heard that we could have Church Service, and that there would be some opportunity here of working for the Church."

"I am rejoiced to learn that," Mrs. Yates replied, "for we have a sewing-circle which meets once a fortnight; and we are trying now to gather together something, so that when we have a church built, the ladies will have enough on hand to furnish it."

"I will most gladly meet with you," said Miss Randall, "and render you all the assistance I can. You have some very pleasant young ladies, Mr.

Richmond has told us, — the Misses Jerome and Lester, — whom I would be happy to meet."

"They have only been waiting for you to be settled," snswered Mrs. Yates, "before doing themselves the pleasure of calling."

Mrs. Yates apologized for protracting her visit, but the ladies insisted upon accompanying her to the gate, and while bidding her "good-morning," assured her of a hearty welcome at all times.

"That 's a lady, Josephine," said Mrs. Richmond, "as much of a lady as you would meet in any of the palaces on Fifth Avenue."

"Yes," Miss Randall replied, "she does not need to be decked in the latest fashions and arrayed in jewelry, to furnish proof of good breeding. Her manners are so easy, her voice so sweet, and her whole carriage so gentle, that she wins her way at once to your confidence and love; and from what Mr. Richmond says, her husband has the same kindness of heart and grace of manner. And I am quite curious to see the Jeromes. They were once, you know, Fifth Avenue people; and if they are as they are represented, they have the refinement without the vices of fashionable life. We thought we should be so lonely here, but I see no reason in the world for it. I am satisfied I shall like a new country; there is an excitement about it, in witnessing the changes and improvements constantly going on, and new phases of character developed under new circumstances. I don't believe we will

hardly know ourselves after we have been here a year."

"There is a good deal in what you say, Jo. Our characters are molded and shaped very much by circumstances, and you see already our mode of life, if we mingle among our neighbors, as we have determined to do, will be entirely different from the old humdrum ways to which we have been accustomed."

"I had fancied," Miss Josephine replied, "that we would take our seats, when it became a little warmer, in the summer-house, and spend day after day in reading and chatting together, or getting into the little boat, with our fishing tackle, and whiling away the time tormenting the finny tribe. This, in my fancy, I had made our *business;* but I am satisfied now it will have to serve for our recreation, for we shall have more important engagements, if we go to work in earnest, as we ought, for the Church."

"And I believe," answered Mrs. Richmond, "we are really happier when we have cares and responsibilities pressing upon us, and instead of looking about for some way to wear away time, we are obliged so to economize time that we can spare some for recreation."

It was thus, as the ladies returned to the house, that they philosophized on their new position, and certainly we are ready to say it was in the true spirit of Christianity.

The first service of the Sunday-school was held on *Whitsunday*, in the house of Mr. Yates. "This," said he to his wife one day, "we ought to regard as the birthday of the Church in this village; and particularly as Whitsunday is the birthday of the Church of Christ, why would it not be well to make it an anniversary in our history, and begin this year with some sort of an observance? It has occurred to me, as Whitsunday comes late in the month of May, we might write to Mr. Wakefield, and see if he could not come out and pay us a visit at that time, and preach and baptize both adults and children, and also administer the Holy Communion. I know Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey are desirous of being baptized, and there is the young child of Mrs. Brockmeyer, and no doubt we will find others when it is known we are to have a clergyman to officiate for us. Mr. Lester has been received as a candidate for Holy Orders, and while he is studying under the guidance of the Rev. Dr. A., of Milwaukie, he is allowed to remain here; and he will make this a part of his duty, to find out what children are unbaptized, and, where parents are willing or desirous, to have them baptized, and also whether there are any adults who would prepare themselves for this holy ordinance. We might have a glorious service. We could extemporize a chancel and an altar; and by that time we shall have roses, and at any rate we can call Mr. Richmond's greenhouse into requisition; and the sweet fragrance of the flowers can go

up with our offering of thanksgiving to the Father of Mercies, for the special blessing of such a hallowed service. It seemed too bad that Easter must pass without any special commemoration; but with God's blessing I trust not many more Easters will find us without a church and a clergyman.

"I am a little dubious," Mrs. Yates replied, "about your flowers. I am afraid we shall hear the cry of Puseyism, and that some weak brother or sister may be offended; and I would not for the world do any thing that could create heart-burning or the least division of feeling among our happy and united little flock."

"I agree with you, my dear wife; but it had not occurred to me that there could possibly be any objection to having flowers in the church more than in the house. And if it is right to decorate the church with evergreens for Christmas, how can it be wrong to express our joy at Easter, by calling in flowers to help us,— and especially as they are such appropriate emblems of the Resurrection, — and *at any other time* when we have special occasion for joy? and to me it would be peculiarly grateful to see flowers on the altar every Sunday morning. We can, however, talk the matter over, and if there is the least objection raised, I will wave my own preferences at once. I know Lester will agree with me thoroughly, and so will the Jeromes. It may be Mrs. Richmond, whose religious training has been mostly under Presbyterian influences, may be af-

fected by some such prejudices, and if so, I would not under any circumstances, as I said, give occasion for offense. This is a small matter, and if we can only get Mr. Wakefield here, I shall be satisfied, and I am going to try and persuade Mr. Briggs to accompany him."

CHAPTER XI.

"No distance breaks the tie of blood:
So is it with true Christian hearts."

A FEW weeks after the conversation narrated in the foregoing chapter, Mr. Yates received an answer from Mr. Wakefield, and as it is characteristic of the good old gentleman, we will give it to the reader: —

"My dear Friend, —

"Will you come?" *Certainly I will.* I would not miss sharing with you the joy of your first anniversary for five times the cost of the journey. But I am happy to say it will cost me nothing. Your good friend, Mr. Briggs, has determined to accompany me. He says he has long been intending to make a trip to the West, and he is pleased to say, for the pleasure of my company he proposes to pay all the expenses; and when we are so far, he thinks we had better go on to the "Father of Waters," and take a boat as far as St. Louis, and return by the way of Cincinnati, Cleveland, &c. Now I have not the least reason to be self-complacent about this, nor to take credit to my-

self for making a missionary tour. For, considering the lovely season of the year, the new things I shall see, and the old friends I shall meet, it will be emphatically a trip of pleasure. God has richly rewarded you in the blessing that has thus far accompanied your efforts in building up His Church. I little thought, when I received your letter not a year ago, that it was possible you could make such progress as your modest statement clearly indicates you have done. And if my presence among you can lend a helping hand, you shall have it most heartily. With love to your good wife and the children, Truly your old friend and pastor,

"J. WAKEFIELD."

Upon the receipt of this letter it was soon noised abroad that Mr. Wakefield was coming from Connecticut to preach for them, and of course it was the topic of conversation in different circles. With the many additions of late to the inhabitants, there had been some who had looked with little favor upon the services in the school-house. Mr. Williams would occasionally drop something in the ears of the scholars that did not look quite friendly to the Episcopalians. He had taken it upon him to open the school with prayer. He thanked God that they were not tied down to forms; that they could speak out the warm emotions of their hearts; and he prayed that they might soon have the *pure* Gospel preached among them.

It was not therefore a matter of surprise, when Mr. Yates learned that Mr. Williams had announced that Elder Chase had consented to preach in the school-house morning and evening of the next Sunday. This was a fortnight before the expected arrival of the Rev. Mr. Wakefield. The Episcopalians, as a matter of course, did not make the least objection, though they thought it would have been courteous to consult the trustees, a majority of whom had favored and preferred the lay services they were having. But, as there were some in the district who never attended at the school-house, they cheerfully conceded to them the right to have a religious service, and determined in no way to discourage the attendance of any one. The Sunday came, and the Elder was in the desk. Mr. Williams and Mrs. Yore had been busy in finding out who did not countenance the Formalists. They knew, they said, the Episcopalians would not come, for fear the Elder might have a larger congregation than they had, and might hear some things they would not like.

They were therefore surprised to see Mr. and Mrs. Yates, and the Lesters, and the Jeromes, and the Dorseys and others come in, and take their seats reverently as if for worship. The Elder, unfortunately, had been crammed by his officious friends, and he rose under the conviction that he was officially called to bear his testimony against pernicious heresies, and even his prayer evinced the *animus* that was to inspire his words.

He announced his text, "Having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof; from such turn away." It is not necessary to attempt a synopsis of his talk. It was a mere ignorant tirade of abuse against the Episcopal Church, such as has been repeated ten thousand times, all over the country.

"I have found," said he, "that the disaffected, the worldly, the lovers of Mammon and of pleasure, those whose consciences are troubled with plain preaching, slide into Episcopacy as into the arbor of the enchanted ground. The professor who has blackened his Christian garments with the chicanery of politics covers them with the garb of Episcopacy. The man who desires to hear *neither politics or religion* goes to '*the Church*.' The young as well as old, who love pleasure, who wish to dance, and play cards, and go to the theatre, and dissipate God's time and their own, find that they cannot conscientiously do these things as professed followers of Christ elsewhere than in Episcopacy; and hence I have found them devout Churchmen and Churchwomen, although miserable Christians. Aristocracy and arrogance, disloyalty and treason, find a congenial home in Episcopacy, where consciences are not disturbed by allusions to human rights, to their duties as citizens, or to the great truths of human equality before God. Less spiritual and more formal Episcopacy grows more popular; and I have found that the elements which give it popularity

are not spiritual but carnal, making the needle's eye gate to glory broad enough for the rich man to carry through his wealth, and the worldly man his pleasures, and the fashionable woman all her frippery, without being jostled or disturbed, and breaking down the walls which the Lord hath built on either side of the narrow way of salvation; so that to the motley crowd that come in from the byways it matters not that they come not in by the gate, or that they wander loosely back and forth through the broad thoroughfares of Vanity Fair, and sleep at last in the enchanted ground, a sleep that knows no waking."[1]

One special topic upon which he dwelt with most apparent fervor, because he thought in the excited state of public feeling it might be used with the most success against the Church, was, the political *status* of the clergy. "You never hear their ministers," said he, "denounce traitors. You never hear them preaching against slavery. You never see them take their stand like men, nor call upon their people to rally round the flag and follow the Stars and Stripes to victory or death. Now I am for hanging my banner on the outer wall, and letting people know that I have no sympathy for rebels."

It is unnecessary to repeat more of his abuse, and before he was through, with the exception of some

[1] Extract from *The Congregationalist*, quoted by the *Christian Witness*, No. 11, Vol. XXXII.

half-dozen admirers, the congregation were thoroughly disgusted, but manifested their disapprobation merely by staying away from the evening service. There were not two dozen people present.

This would not have been so earlier in the history of the Church movement. Many attended its Services merely because there was no other place to go, and who had inherited prejudices against the mode of worship and doctrines of the Episcopal Church, and who were ready to fall in with any opposition that might have been started; but, week after week, their prejudices had been wearing away. The Service had been read impressively; the music had been simple and hearty, and in good taste; and the sermons had been selected with judgment, and we may say effectively delivered, so that the people were enabled to appreciate the privileges they had enjoyed, and the Elder's performances were in such striking contrast, that very few of them were willing to exchange.

It seemed to be a mutual understanding among the Church people, that they would enter into no controversy, and they could but congratulate one another at the evident defeat of his purpose in stirring up strife and opposition, and many who had never identified themselves with the Church now did not hesitate to take a decided stand in its favor. And yet, despite this exhibition of feeling, Mr. Williams and Mrs. Yore were carried away with the Elder's eloquence and the strong points he had made in his sermon.

The evening of the day after he had left, Mr. Williams paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Yore. As soon as he entered Mrs. Yore exclaimed, "I am glad to see you. Do you believe it, my husband has just told me that he has made up his mind to become an Episcopalian?"

"It is n't possible," said Mr. Williams, "after having heard such arguments as we were favored with on Sunday. In my estimation, the Elder did not leave a plank for these Episcopals to stand upon. He hit 'em on all sides and squarely in the forehead, as David hit Goliath, and with the same deadly aim. Why, Mr. Yore, what do you mean?"

"Just what my wife has told you — I mean to join the Episcopal Church. I heard enough of what you call argument, and such as I can hear at any time at political meetings. For my part, when I go to church I want to hear the great doctrines of the Bible. I want to be told the way of salvation, to be made to feel that I am a sinner, and need a Saviour, to be taught my duties as a Christian, and how I am to be prepared for death. Such sermons we have been hearing now for six months, and I have n't heard a word of abuse of Baptists or Methodists, or any body else. I thought when Christ sent out His Apostles, it was to preach the Gospel. I don't know what ministers of Christ have to do with party politics. As citizens they have their duties; but when they go into the house of God, it seems to me they ought to remember

that they have a message from God. Now, I don't know why you and I should not have the opportunity to worship God without being made angry by a tirade of abuse either against Republicanism or Democracy. I want to forget all this when I go to church."

"Yes, I suppose you would like to forget that you had a country, or owed any duties to your government."

"Yes, I certainly would, rather than to be reminded of them on that sacred day, when I go to hear of 'a better country, that is an heavenly.' I thank God for the privileges I have enjoyed for the last six months. By His Grace I have been led, as I humbly hope, to Christ; and if in His Providence my life is spared, I hope to be confirmed and to go to the table of the Lord. I should have been pleased to go with my wife, but my honest convictions, after long and prayerful deliberation, would not allow me. Every week convinces me that I have chosen wisely and well, and I do not entirely despair of one day seeing my wife with me."

"I am afraid," she replied, "that day is very far off, and I shall see very differently from what I do now if it ever comes."

"I believe, wife," he answered, "you are sound at heart, and I know you are a sensible woman. When once your prejudices are removed, you will be as strong an advocate as you are now an opponent of the Episcopal Church."

"Wonders will never cease, if that happens," she answered.

Mr. Wakefield arrived on Thursday, preceding the Sunday he was to preach, accompanied by Mr. Briggs. Arrangements had been made between Mr. Yates and Mr. Lester for the reception of the gentlemen. Mr. Yates wanted them both, but as he only had one spare room, and that rather contracted, he could entertain but one. As Mr. Lester wished to see as much as possible of Mr. Wakefield, Mr. Yates yielded, though it was understood his old parishioner had the first claim upon him. Mr. Briggs, however, was disposed of to his liking, and it was a great treat for these old friends from boyhood to get together, and live over their school-boy days. They now fully sympathized as Christians and Churchmen; and Mr. Yates, as he drew a picture of what he hoped to accomplish, found a heart and a hand open to second all his plans.

"Do you know, my old friend," said Mr. Briggs, "that I really feel my heart more warmed toward your project of building a church, than I have ever felt for any Church work in our parish or diocese. There are so many at home ready to second Mr. Wakefield, that I have made up my mind that my work is here. I have learned to look upon the stewardship of wealth in a different light from what I did a few years ago, and I will tell you a secret, which I wish you to keep sacred for the present. Knowing the uncertainty of life, and that I might

be blown up on the Mississippi, or in some other way suddenly removed, as I had determined to help you through with this enterprise if I lived, I did not wish you to be deprived of my coöperation should I be called before its accomplishment to render an account of my stewardship. I have therefore made my will, and left $10,000 to you, in trust for the Church here, to be expended according to your wishes, either toward a church, or parsonage, or both. If God spares my life, you may consider me good for that sum, and if I am taken, it is at your disposal."

Mr. Yates was so entirely overcome at this announcement that he threw his arms around his friend's neck, and wept like a child. In the midst of this affecting scene Mrs. Yates entered the room, and she would have gladly retreated, but she had advanced too far. It was useless for Mr. Yates to attempt to conceal his agitation, and so recovering himself, he said playfully, "Now that we have been caught, you may as well give me the privilege of telling the secret to this intruder."

"Do as you please," said Mr. Briggs, as bidding them "*good-night*," he hastily retired to his room. Mr. Yates told his wife the secret, and they wept together for joy.

"How kind and good," he said, "has our Heavenly Father been to us, and how utterly undeserving we are of His blessings. With how many misgivings we began our Sunday-school, and how loath we

were to inaugurate the more public Service. But God led us along, from that funeral of dear little Jimmy Dorsey, and opened the way for us, and prepared the hearts of the people, and directed and sustained and shielded us from those who opposed, so that now, humanly speaking, our enterprise is beyond a peradventure. We must begin at once and secure the coöperation of Mr. Richmond, and all our people here, and not let them know a word of what we have in reserve, and we shall be able to build a church large enough for the wants of this growing town for years. Elder Chase's visit has settled the question for some time, of any attempt to get up an opposition Church. The people are a unit now, and Brockmeyer told me to-day that he believed the Elder's talk had been worth hundreds of dollars to us. What an illustration this, that God makes the wrath of man to praise Him."

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Yates, "I shall not be able to sleep much to-night. I am so much excited that I feel more like talking than sleeping. Do you think I can ever keep this secret? It seems to me that Mr. Lester and Emily ought to know it. But yet if we tell one, we will think others ought to know it, and so I suppose we must keep it to ourselves. To-morrow we must take the gentlemen out to see the Jeromes. The country is looking beautifully; I know they will enjoy the ride, and Lakeside will be enchanting. Do you remember

our first visit there? It seems almost an age since then, so many things have occurred in the short period of a few months."

Sunday came, and it was as bright and cheering as the lovely winter day when the Services were opened in the school-house. Mr. Wakefield thought it best to wear his surplice, and to avoid attracting notice, he went to Mr. Eastman's house, which was near by, to robe himself. Mr. Wakefield's manner was peculiarly dignified and impressive, and well befitted his tall, commanding figure and gray hair. His sermon was appropriate to Whitsunday, and at its close he alluded in a graceful and touching manner to the position of the little flock he was addressing, and cheered them with words of affectionate encouragement. He gave notice of the Evening Service, and that he would administer the holy rite of Baptism. He then proceeded with the Holy Communion. It was indeed a feast of love to many, who for months had been deprived of this heavenly food.

Upon consultation with those who were to be baptized, they had preferred to wait for another opportunity to receive the Holy Communion, and the afternoon was selected for the baptisms, to avoid prolonging the Services. The afternoon sermon was upon the duty and the privilege of a public confession of Christ, and was admirably adapted to the solemn occasion of enlisting so many, both young and old, under the banner of the Captain of our

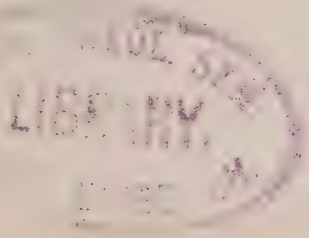
salvation. Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey and three children, Mrs. Brockmeyer and child, two children of Mr. Chowing, in the country, and seven children of different ages in the Sunday-school, were baptized, whose parents, at the request of the children, had consented. It was indeed a goodly number, three adults and thirteen children, for the pioneer service of the missionary, gathered entirely by the pioneer efforts of laymen, and where as yet there was no Church organization. The solemn ceremonial was made deeply impressive by the subdued yet earnest tones of voice in which Mr. Wakefield read the Service. There was hardly a dry eye in the congregation, and when, after the sermon, the hymn was announced, —

> "Soldiers of Christ, arise
> And put your armor on,"

the intensely interested expression on the faces of all, both young and old, evinced that a spirit had been awakened, which by God's grace would lead to a further enlistment in the service of Christ. It was a universally expressed regret that Mr. Wakefield could only spend one Sunday with them, but notice was given of services for Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and also if there were any desiring Holy Baptism they could avail themselves of this opportunity. There were two young men, one a clerk at Mr. Richmond's mill, and the other a mechanic at Mr. Post's cabinet-shop, who had told Mr. Lester that if they had had a day or two

to consider, they would have been baptized. It was expected that on Wednesday evening they would come forward. The Tuesday night Service was as well attended as on Sunday, and when Wednesday night came, it was evident the interest had in nowise diminished. At "early candle-light," as the notices are generally given in the country, the school-house was thronged, and the baptism of the two young men, who had for some time before taken classes in the Sunday-school, and who were well known and highly respected, was an occasion to keep alive the interest.

Mr. Wakefield said that his week's visit and his labors had been more satisfactory to him than any week he could remember in the whole history of his ministry, and Mr. Yates made him promise that if it was in his power he would pay them a visit when the church was consecrated. Mr. Briggs said they could consider him "booked" for that occasion, and he hoped it would not be very long before that glad event would come round. The stage left early on Thursday morning, when our visitors took their departure for the still "Far West," followed by the grateful remembrances of the whole village.



CHAPTER XII.

"Now, Christians, hold your own; the land before you
Is open; win your way, and take your rest."

IT was soon apparent that a new impetus had been given to the Church movement. Mr. Richmond, with his wife and Miss Randall, had attended all the Services; and when Mr. Yates spoke to him a few days after about an additional lot for a parsonage, and also of getting up a subscription for the church, he at once promised to make out the deed, and also to head the subscription with $500, with the promise, that, if toward the end more were required, he would help them out. During Mr. Wakefield's visit, and with his advice and assistance, they had organized a Parish, having taken the incipient steps before his arrival. There seemed to be some little difference of opinion as to the name, but with a good degree of unanimity they fixed upon that of "Grace Church." Messrs. Yates and Jerome were chosen Wardens, and Messrs. Richmond, Eastman, Dorsey, Brockmeyer, Yore, and Post, Vestrymen. It was resolved to make an effort at once, to see how much could be raised. The first and most important

question was, as to the size and the plan. It was determined, that however large a building they should decide upon, it must yet be with a view to enlargement. Their ideas of the prospective growth of the village were expanding with every week's increase of population; and now that the lake was open, and emigration had fairly commenced, they could not find room for the press of settlers, while the country around was filling up with equal rapidity. The style of architecture both Messrs. Yates and Jerome, who had some taste in matters of this kind, suggested should be Gothic, of the early English period, and also that an architect of acknowledged ability should be engaged to prepare the plans. Mr. Richmond had set them an example in house architecture, and they wished the church to be as marked and fitting in its style. Besides, Mr. Jerome contended that it was a mistaken notion that the money paid to the architect was so much lost from the building. He was satisfied that, as a matter of economy, they had better pay an architect well, and have full details of working plans and specifications of labor and materials. Then, too, they would not have any incongruities about the building. Every thing would be in keeping, to the minutest ornament. Mr. Yates suggested that they should build of stone. He was satisfied that a little way up the creek they could find an inexhaustible quarry of the yellow sandstone, the upper layers of which they had been using for cellar

walls. It was very soft and easy to work when first taken out of the quarry, and by exposure became as hard as marble. At the present price of brick, it would cost more than the stone, and there was no comparison in point of beauty and durability. "We ought," said he, "to build a church with a view to its standing for ages; and on the principle that the best of every thing should be devoted to the Lord, stone ought to be preferred as the material out of which it should be built. I believe," said he, "you can measure a people's piety, in a good degree, by the character of the church they build. It is very rarely the case that the church is mean because of the poverty of the people. A log church can be so constructed, and with such attention to its various appointments, as to *look* like a *fit* offering from the few pious hands who have reared it. I don't want to see any pretence about God's house, or any appearance of slighting the work, or any cheap ornament. If you put on plaster, don't block the walls as if they were stone; let pine look like pine, and oak like oak. If you can't afford a font of marble, or stone, let the wood be painted like wood; don't attempt to marble it. Excuse me, gentlemen," said Mr. Yates, "I must beg your pardon for running on at this rate, and especially so long before there is any need of a discussion on this subject. But, as my wife tells me, when I talk of the church, it rises rapidly in my fancy, and I build airy castles, which dissolve when they come to be tested by the reality."

The conversation ended in the general conviction that there would be no difference on these points, and that the first thing to be done was to ascertain how much money could be raised. It was also agreed that the present was the most favorable time to make the effort, not only because the minds of the people had been roused to it by the visit of Mr. Wakefield, but because the crops were promising, and the prospects for business unusually cheering. Mr. Jerome said he had one hundred acres in wheat, and he had never seen a finer show for a rich harvest, and that he had devoted one tenth of the gross receipt of the crop to the building of the church.

The ladies, too, were astir, and they were setting their wits, as well as their hands, to work. Mrs. Richmond proposed a strawberry festival, to be held on their grounds. This met with general favor. It could be gotten up with very little trouble or expense. It would furnish a pleasant evening's recreation, and at the same time consecrate the ministries of a rational pleasure to the service of Christ and His Church. This would be a mere flank movement, that would not at all interfere with the united advance of all their forces in procuring subscriptions.

"I wish," said Emily to Mr. Lester, as they were walking together along the lake shore, "that I could make an offering of my own to the church. I would be glad to put in the altar, or the Bishop's chair, or a memorial window. I would offer it as

Mary did the precious ointment to the Lord. There is, I see by the 'Church Journal,' a house in New York which furnishes altar-cloths and vestments, and various articles of furniture for churches. Now, I boast of my skill in embroidery, and by getting an elaborate pattern, I could work it, and sell it for no inconsiderable sum. I should feel while I was working it that it was for a hallowed use, and also that the money I received from it would be devoted to a sacred purpose. What do you think of it, Edward?"

"Admirable! I have no doubt that it is entirely practicable. Your friend Miss Lawrence could make all the inquiries, select the patterns, and purchase the materials. I will come out, whenever I feel wearied by study, and we can sit together here by the lake shore, under this grape-vine of Madam Nature, and I can see you work, and read to you when you wish. What do you think of *my* plan?"

"I *certainly* shall make no objection. And then you can help me sometimes weed my flower beds, and in this way we can begin to share our work together."

"We cannot begin too soon, Emily. I grow impatient sometimes when I think of the many weary months that must intervene before our union. And yet how much better it is, than to have been obliged to leave you during all this time. I find, too, that I am growing so much interested in my work that

I am afraid all the time the parish will be calling some clergyman, and leave me without any thing to do. I know they ought to do it, for an ordained clergyman can exert an influence over the spiritual interests of the people which a layman cannot. And this is getting to be no inconsiderable parish. There are children and adults to be baptized, and the sick to be visited, and we ought to have the Holy Communion. I can read you as good sermons as any one need to hear, but the reading of a sermon by a layman is different from its delivery by the duly commissioned ambassador of Christ."

"Never mind, Edward; we will get along with these little inconveniences, until Providence clearly opens the way for us to have somebody else. Mr. Wakefield's visit was indeed a 'godsend' to us, and I am inclined to think the people are disposed to take his advice about calling a minister."

"Who did he advise them to call? He told *me* to keep on with my work, and be patient, but he did not allude to any one whom he would advise the people to call. I should have great faith in his judgment. He told me he should write to the Bishop and give an account of his visit here, and intimate to him what course he thought advisable to be pursued, as the Bishop could not decide wisely unless he had been on the ground."

"Let me tell you a secret, Edward, as I see you have not suspected the designs of the people upon you. They are simply to have things go on just as

they are until the church is finished, and you are ordained, and then the Rev. Edward Lester will be duly called to take charge of Grace Church, Arlington. Mr. Wakefield, just before he left, and after he had had the opportunity of scanning you pretty thoroughly for a week, advised this course, and I have no doubt he has written to the Bishop to the same effect. So, you see, you are upon trial."

"I hardly know what to say to this. I know full well my own insufficiency for any post in the ministry, and daily I learn more of my unworthiness and shortcomings. Wherever I go, it must be to encounter perplexity and trouble, and I certainly shall not find anywhere so many indulgent friends. I don't believe there is in the Church two better Wardens than your father and Mr. Yates. They would help me greatly in the first years of my inexperience. I certainly ought to be grateful, and yet oftentimes, when I think of it seriously, I shrink from the encounter with the duties and trials of the holy calling I have chosen. Pray for me, Emily, — pray for me earnestly, pray for me daily, — that I may bring to my work the right preparation of heart and mind. I always feel strengthened after I have had a good talk with you. I know there is one heart that beats in sympathy with mine, and it is wonderful what curative power there is in sympathy."

"I am delighted, Edward, if I can in any way minister to your happiness. If God spares our lives our mutual love will, I trust, enable us to cheer and

help one another. I have had a beautiful illustration of the influence of wedded love in the example of father and mother. They have stood together, and have borne up under a terrible storm of disasters, leaning upon each other for support when either of them alone would have fallen into hopeless despondency. It was a sad day to us all when, with the little we had saved from the wreck, we started for the "Far West," not knowing whither we went. We had learned, too, the sorrowful lesson, how many false friends there are in this heartless world. Father was heart-broken on our account. He cared little for the money he had lost, only so far as it affected our comfort. I do believe it was a positive relief to him to be rid of the harassing cares of business. But he thought of mother, who had never lived out of the city, leaving her early home, for the loneliness, the vexations, and toils of western life. And she, instead of adding to his despondency, by bewailing her misfortunes, kept a cheerful, smiling face; and talked of how we would learn to milk the cows, and make butter and cheese, and the flowers we would cultivate, and how pleasant it would be to be relieved of the vexations of servants, and to do every thing for ourselves. And when we were settled in the woods, miles away from a neighbor, she was as bright and cheerful, and as ready to do as she had been to promise. Husband and wife, when they

love each other as they ought, are all in all the one to the other, halving the sorrows and doubling the joys that are the allotted portion of this changing and uncertain world."

CHAPTER XIII.

"The best will is our Father's will,
And we may rest there calm and still.
Oh make it hour by hour thine own,
And wish for nought, but that alone
Which pleases God."

AS they returned to the house, Clara met them with an anxious face. It seemed that Mrs. Jerome had been suddenly taken with a heavy chill, and there was cause for alarm. It was evidently not the ordinary chill and fever, and it was necessary to have medical aid as soon as possible. For some days she had been struggling against the insidious approach of sickness, and had overtaxed her strength.

The family had felt anxious about her, and the manner in which she had now been attacked gave occasion for all their anxiety.

Mr. Lester immediately mounted his horse and hastened to the village for a physician. When the physician arrived there were all the symptoms of fatal congestion, and he informed Mr. Jerome that it would be wise to prepare for the worst. At first he was so overcome by this unexpected announcement that he retired to a room, and, throwing him-

self on a bed and burying his face in the pillow, he agonized and struggled in prayer, imploring God in behalf of his beloved wife and praying for grace to submit to His will. It was a long and terrible struggle for composure and resignation, and not until he had received a message from his wife, who felt herself sinking, could he nerve himself for the meeting.

When he entered the room he had regained something of his ordinary self-control, and sat down by the bedside with a composure that for the time reassured his wife. She felt that a short respite was given to say a few parting words to her husband and children, which she knew would be a comfort to them to remember, when she was gone. She had no fears in the prospect of death. It was not that she could look back upon her life of trial and duty, of joy and sorrow, with any feelings of self-complacency. She knew that she had left undone what she ought to have done, and that she had done what she ought not to have done, and that she could place no reliance upon any righteousness of her own. It was her testimony, —

> "In my hand no price I bring,
> Simply to Thy Cross I cling."

Her eye of faith was fixed on Him who had been a Man of sorrows, who had been tempted like as we are, who had borne upon His shoulder the burden of a world's transgressions, and had expiated them all on the accursed tree. *He* had died that she

might live, and now, when all human aid was powerless to save, she could lean with humble confidence on His almighty arm, and descend the dark valley sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust.

"My own best beloved husband," she said, "it is God's will that I must leave you: I do not repine or rebel. It is hard to part with those we love, but it is only for a little while, and then we shall meet where there is no parting. Oh what a comfort it is to know that all my dear ones are in the fold of Christ, and that He will keep them under the shadow of His almighty protection. You will be lonely without me, I know. We have traveled life's journey together for nearly twenty-five years, and they have been years of mingled joy and sorrow, but when we meet again, it will be where there is 'no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain.' You will bury me, dearest, in that lovely spot where little Jimmy lies, — the first seed planted for immortality in this far-off western home. Choose a spot where we can all lie together when we sleep our last sleep, to wait our waking on the resurrection morn. Walter my son, you and Emily, and Clara, must comfort your dear father. I know you will. God grant that he may be spared to you yet many years. You can add to the length of his days by your affectionate care. Come, and kiss me for a last 'Good-night;'" and the words were with difficulty faltered out.

There are moments of agony when the limbs seem powerless to move, when the blood rushes back upon the heart and paralyzes both body and soul. It was so with each one of this bewildered group. Emily was the first to move. Silently she imprinted a loving kiss upon those parched lips, and sank down at the foot of the bed. Clara and Walter followed her example.

Not a word had been uttered when Mr. Jerome, moved by a power beyond himself, said with a steady voice, — "My love, would you like me to offer the prayers of the Church for you?"

She signified an eager assent. He then took the Prayer-book, and opening to the Service for "The Visitation of the Sick," with a calm and clear voice offered that solemn prayer for a "Sick Person at the Point of Departure," concluding with the Lord's Prayer, to which she breathed an audible "Amen."

The stillness for a few moments was undisturbed by even the slightest movement, when Mr. Jerome, with an effort that well-nigh overcame him, repeated convulsively, "She is gone."

She had indeed breathed her last. Father and children spent that night watching in the desolate chamber, and in the vain endeavor to realize the presence of death. It was so sudden, and the blow was so overwhelming, that it required the light of morning to strike conviction of the awful truth into the hearts of that paralyzed family group.

When the news of this sudden death reached the

village, it caused such a shock, that each one spoke as in a whisper and moved about apparently without a purpose. Business for the time was suspended, and few had the heart to talk of barter and sale.

Mr. and Mrs. Yates started at once for Lakeside, as they knew the sad office of comforting the living and attending to the dead would devolve upon them.

"What an uncertain, changing life this is," said Mr. Yates, as they were on their way to the house of mourning. "How inscrutable are the dealings of Providence! 'God's ways are not our ways, neither are His thoughts our thoughts.' We certainly would not have chosen this time for the removal of one of the props on which we are leaning. In our little circle there is no lady we could so illy spare. Her zeal and her judgment were counted upon by one and all. She was so full of life, her heart so full of sympathy, and yet so quiet and unobtrusive in her manners, that she won the confidence and affection of all. What a fearful blow for poor Jerome! How can he bear it!"

"You must not allow your sympathies to become too much excited," Mrs. Yates replied. "We have a sad duty to perform, and we must nerve ourselves for it."

The day of the funeral came. Mr. Jerome had

requested Mr. Yates to read the Burial Service. It was a long distance to send for a clergyman. Besides, he would be a stranger to them all, and it would be more comforting to hear the words of that solemn service from the lips of one whose voice was familiar to them, and which the dear departed so loved to hear. Mr. Lester took his place with the family in the sad *côrtege*, as they moved to the resting-place of the dead.

The houses of business during the hour of the funeral were closed; the rattle of the mills ceased; and all the outward tokens of respect manifested the high estimation in which the deceased was regarded by the community.

A lot had been chosen under a spreading oak, in a corner of the grave-yard overlooking the valley of the Memnissippi, where the rays of the setting sun would linger longest. A little hillock at the north and east concealed the view from the other parts of the ground, and made it a sweet sequestered spot. Mr. Jerome purposed to spend many an hour here, and here loving hands would plant and train the flowers that would bloom over a cherished grave.

The solemn Service was read, and "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," consigned to the narrow house appointed for all living. With sorrowing hearts that funeral train returned to their homes. No word of eulogy had been spoken,

and it needed none to keep alive in the memory the virtues of the departed. Her works would follow her in the lessons which her devoted and consistent life as a disciple of Jesus, had impressed upon all within the circle of her influence.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Think ye the spires that glow so bright,
In front of yonder setting sun,
Stand by their own unshaken might?
No! when the upholding grace is won,
We dare not ask, nor Heaven would tell;
But sure from many a hidden dell,
From many a rural nook unthought of there,
Rises for that proud world the saint's prevailing prayer."

ERY soon after Mr. Wakefield's departure, and when the vestry were fully organized, measures were at once adopted to ascertain how much could be raised toward building a church. This was to be learned before it could be determined what sort of a church they should attempt to build. They had decided unanimously that they would keep within their means, and that when the church was ready for consecration there should not be a dollar of debt upon it. It was agreed that it was very like dishonesty to offer to God what did not belong to them. And though they might delay its consecration until the debt was paid, still they preferred the satisfaction of worshiping in a consecrated building, which had been set apart by appropriate service from all "unhallowed and common uses," and one which in every

sense they could call God's house. How sad it is that there is so little appreciation of this sacred privilege! In how many of our city churches is it entirely ignored! From year to year, men of wealth, any one of whom is abundantly able to assume the debt, will come to God's house from week to week and present themselves before Him in the devotions of the sanctuary, without a feeling of compunction that there is in this regard any obligation resting upon them unfulfilled. They will see the clergyman struggling under this heavy incubus, and they will come together as vestrymen to devise ways and means to meet the interest, out of the ordinary income of the parish, and scrimp their rector in his salary, and plead the debt as a reason why they cannot answer the appeals of charity from abroad, when, with a proper sense of responsibility, they could lift off the burden at any moment, and be the richer for it in the best of all wealth, — the sweet satisfaction of having done their duty.

Mr. Yates and Mr. Jerome had known from their own observation the great importance of acting upon this decision, and they agreed to content themselves with a smaller church, and be a year longer in building, rather than to swerve from their decision. The subscription was circulated with these conditions expressed in it, and the people were urged to give to the full extent of their ability, with the pledge that the work was not to be com-

menced until they had a reasonable assurance that it could be completed.

This direct appeal to the pocket was the best test of their interest in the enterprise. There are always people who like a cheap religion. They are ready to go to church if it does not cost them any thing, and as soon as you ask them how much they are willing to give, then they begin to find fault. They don't like this and they don't like that. They don't believe you ought to build an expensive church, though they are living in the most expensive style. They can worship God in a plain building as well as in one with stained-glass windows and tasteful decorations. "Don't God," they ask with a sanctimonious air, "look at the heart, and does it make you any better to be surrounded by these evidences of worldly vanity?"

Now, it had not been proposed to go a dollar beyond their means — all that was asked was an offering according to their ability. If they could build a church that in all its appointments should bear the impress of its sacred character, that should be unlike ordinary buildings in the general tone of its ornament and arrangement, that should speak for itself and proclaim to the busy world that this is *God's House*, — this was what they aimed at, and this they determined to achieve, as far as it was in their power. Mr. Yates knew what he had in reserve, but before it was made known he resolved that the people should do all they could for them-

selves. As we have said, this appeal brought out those whose hearts were in the work, and those who had but little or no heart in it. In many cases he was greatly encouraged in their munificent offerings beyond his expectations, and in others he was sadly disappointed. Among the Vestry there was a case in point. Mr. Dorsey was a man of independent means. He was not wealthy, like Mr. Richmond, but he had money at interest, and he had been successful in making investments, which, with the rapid rise of lands and village property, promised largely for the future. He had lately been baptized, and had enrolled himself as a follower of a self-denying Master. Under such circumstances, when his heart was tender, and ought to be full of love to that blessed Saviour, who, "though He was rich yet for our sakes became poor," Mr. Yates expected from him an offering that should tell his estimate of the great salvation. The miserable pittance of $100 which he subscribed so completely discomfited Mr. Yates that he made no comment, but as he walked away he repeated almost unconsciously to himself, "How dwelleth the love of God in him?"

Just as he turned the corner, he met Mr. Yore. Mr. Yore was a mechanic. He had opened a shop in the village, and had a limited stock of stoves and tin ware. He had worked hard and had succeeded in making a good beginning in business, with the prospect of extending it, with the rapid increase of

the village and surrounding country. He had a comfortable little house and lot, and by strict economy was enabled to save a few hundred dollars in the course of the year. He had thought well and prayerfully of what he ought to do, and had made up his mind that the half of his earnings for the past year should be devoted to the sacred purpose of God's house.

As Mr. Yates approached, he anticipated his application by asking, in his familiar, good-natured way, —

"Well, Brother Yates, have you drawn up that subscription? I have been thinking a good deal of the matter, and I have come to the conclusion that there must be no half-hearted offerings. I only wish I was as well off as Mr. Richmond; I would come down with more than $500. But, then, we cannot expect that a man who makes no religious profession would feel the same interest in the church, as those of us who believe that it is our duty to 'seek *first* the kingdom of God.' Now, there is Brother Dorsey; I look to him for more than $500. I heard to-day that he sold the quarter section he entered some three years ago, along the creek a half mile below the burying-ground, for $5000. One tenth of that would be $500."

"I have just seen Mr. Dorsey," Mr. Yates replied, "and I am sorry to say you will be sadly disappointed. I was so completely 'taken aback' when I saw what he had subscribed that I could not say a

word. Come with me into the store, and we will talk over these matters. I know your heart is in the work, and it does me good to exchange views with one in whom I may be confident of a sympathizing coworker. And I can assure you, I need a little cheering after such a back set."

"Well," Mr. Yore replied, "from what you have told me I don't want to know what Dorsey has given. I always knew he loved money, but I had hoped that the love of God had opened his heart, and I can assure you it would have comforted me greatly could I have seen the power of religion exemplified in making *him* liberal. This was one of the things that held me back a long time from taking an open stand for Christ. I could not see how men who professed to have their treasure in heaven, could keep piling up their gold here and making no investment for another world. I should have thought that Dorsey would remember little Jimmy, and say to himself, 'Now, I will lay Jimmy's portion up where it will be safe. Had he lived, he might have worked for God; but *now*, as far as I can, I will do his work for him.' Would n't you have supposed he would think something of the kind? But I will tell you my conversation with Mr. Eastman. Last Sunday evening he came over to my house; that, you know, was before we had a meeting of the Vestry to talk over the matter of starting a subscription. He said to me, — 'Yore, we must go to work at once to raise this money. Let us strike while the

iron is hot. There is a good feeling among the people generally, and we ought to take advantage of it; and there is a bad feeling among some, and we ought to head-off all mischief-makers. Now, among the new-comers there are some, who, though they have been meeting with us, and have expressed themselves very much pleased with the Services, and are very charitable so far as profession goes, yet are at work in a quiet way to discourage the undertaking of building a church. They say, "Let us have a Union Meeting-house. There are many people of different persuasions, and none of them are strong enough to build by themselves. Let us have a house where each party can have the privilege at times of hearing a minister of their own denomination. There is Dr. Whitesides, who has lately come into the village from Massachusetts. He is one of your liberal-minded Unitarians. He don't believe in creeds; he says every body should read the Bible for themselves, and believe it as they understand its teaching. He don't think God ever intended man's free thought should be hampered by creeds; he says he is willing to give liberally if you will have a Union Meeting-house, so that he can have the privilege occasionally of inviting his friend, the Rev. Mr. Bakewell from Milwaukie, to come and occupy the pulpit." There are others who are willing to give liberally, if the building is not held by these exclusive Episcopalians. The upshot of the whole is, that if they can have their own way,

they are willing to give liberally, which means that they don't want to give any thing; and of course they have a perfect right to do it. Now Yore,' said Mr. Eastman, 'we must head-off all such people. We have got the ground, and we can keep it. We have got it, too, honorably. We have made no profession of this sentimental liberality. We have hung out no false colors. Yates, like a man, has worked for the Episcopal Church. He stated it publicly when he opened his Sunday-school. He and Lester took the same ground when they began the Services in the school-house. They have declared that they believe the Episcopal Church divinely constituted, and its ministry of Apostolic origin, and they have asked us to examine for ourselves, and have furnished us the means of information. They have pursued no vacillating course; they have never said they believed there was no material difference between the different Protestant denominations. They have said nothing about them; they have never uttered a word of abuse against any body of Christians. Now, I for one believe they are right, and I am for sustaining them with all my heart. We must therefore make up our minds to come down to the full amount of our ability, and I am willing to run some little risk, believing that God will provide the means. We think this is legitimate in working for ourselves. Why should it not be in working for God? I was talking the other day with Miss Randall, Mrs. Richmond's young friend, and

she told me the story of her father. It is one of the most remarkable instances of faith in God I have ever heard. She said, in the city where they lived an enterprise was begun to build a church. The parish was an off-shoot from the other parishes; it was composed mostly of young men, none of whom were wealthy. They determined to build a church which should be a credit to the city, and ample enough for the rapidly increasing population. Her father was earning a comfortable salary, but he had only $1000 laid by, and that was in the bank. When the subscription was presented to him he subscribed the whole of it, and, what is no less remarkable, he had laid up treble the sum before the whole subscription was required to be paid.[1] Now,' said Mr. Eastman, 'that is an example for us, not that we can come up to it, but it ought to stimulate us to do as well as we can.' He has not told me how much he will give, but I don't believe he will be behind Richmond. Bring out your book, and cover up Dorsey's name, and let me write down mine."

"I need n't do that," Mr. Yates replied, "because he turned over the leaf in my little book, and left a blank page for the largest subscriptions."

"Good," said Mr. Yore; "he is *modest* if he is n't generous. Who did he think were to be the largest givers? Now, Brother Yates, I will tell

[1] The fact mentioned above is literally true and occurred in the author's parish.

you exactly how I stand, and if you think I don't give enough, I will do more. I have $600 in the bank, and I propose to give half of it, and if before the church is done more is needed and I have it, I will give more."

"That is truly noble, Mr. Yore, and may God bless you in 'your basket and in your store,' and reward you with the richest blessings of His grace."

While they were sitting together Mr. Eastman came in. He was gladly welcomed, and Mr. Yore told Mr. Eastman he had been repeating their conversation on Sunday evening last to Mr. Yates, and he had just committed himself to paper; "and now," said he, "I want you to do your best, for I have done mine."

"I will do it most cheerfully," said Mr. Eastman, "only I wish I could do so a little more emphatically."

"Never mind," said Mr. Yates, "we will trust you for the emphasis."

Mr. Eastman took the book, and studiously avoiding any inspection of the subscriptions, wrote, as if he fully realized the responsibility, the sum of $500.

"That is noble," said both the gentlemen.

"No," answered Mr. Eastman, "don't speak of it as if I deserved any praise. Whose money is it I have pledged? And for whose cause have I given it? Did He not become poor that I might be rich?" And he turned suddenly away to

conceal the tears that were fast trickling down his cheeks, and though, perhaps, it may be thought unmanly, the others caught the contagion. But who shall say it was not manly to weep at such a burst of simple eloquence?

Mr. Yates followed Mr. Eastman's example, subscribing $500, saying that he trusted he should be able to make good his pledge, as he knew many things could be paid out of his store, in the shape of orders to the workmen, and also in furnishing materials. Such amounts are rarely obtained from men of limited means, but their hearts were in the work, and they had faith to believe that God would help them in their labor of love. They determined to receive subscriptions in any amount, no matter how small, as they believed the "widow's mite" would be blessed by the Giver of all Good.

CHAPTER XV.

"Keep thou, dear child, thine early word,
Bring Him thy best; who knows but He,
For His eternal board,
May take some gift of thee?"

THE children, too, were all engaged in the work. Mr. Yates had proposed to them that they should try whether they could not by their contributions on each Sunday, from a penny to a dime, secure a sufficient sum to put in a memorial window, as a token of their love to Jimmy Dorsey. Though he had never been one of the scholars, yet he was the first one to whom Edward and Kate had applied, and he was one of the most ready and willing to go. He had, therefore, been the first on the roll, and all the children who had known him delighted to claim him. They spoke of him as in Paradise, and they wished to have some memorial of him on which they could look, and think of their childhood's days, after they had grown to be men and women, should God spare their lives.

Of course, it became a matter of anxious solicitude with the children how they were to get the money. They did not wish to ask their parents.

Most of them were giving to the extent of their ability, and to ask them every week for money to give, Mr. Yates told them, would not be an offering of their own. So the children set about devising ways and means by which they could earn something for themselves.

"Don't you think," said Kate to her brother, "that I can sew nicely enough to make some pincushions, to be put in papa's show-case for sale. Mamma has a great many pieces of beautiful silk, and she could cut them out for me. I am sure somebody would buy them."

"Now, Kate," said he, "I have just thought the Sunday-school children might have a show-case to themselves in the store, and all the children make might be put in it, and a great many people would buy because they were made by the children for the church. But what we boys are going to do to make money, I can't tell. I understand Mr. Richmond frequently needs errand-boys about the mill, when he has a great deal to do, and some of us out of school-hours might be ready to work. When the fall comes, I am going out nutting, and I know I can gather nuts enough to make two or three dollars."

"You are a queer fellow," said his little sister, "for planning. You are always drawing ships and landscapes. Why can you not spend time enough on two or three large pictures, and make them so nice that you can put them in the show-case for sale?

Now, I will tell you what to do. Go down the other side of the creek, and draw Mr. Richmond's house and grounds. They look beautifully across the dam. Nellie Yore and I were over there yesterday. You can see his summer-house and his beautiful little green and white boat, and sometimes you can see Mrs. Richmond and our Sunday-school teacher, Miss Randall, sitting on the bank. Don't you think you could make something that would look like it?"

"Well, Kate," said he, "I will just try that, when the sun is rising some morning, because then the light would be right. I would like to have the ladies in the boat; I could draw them better in that way. When we get to talking about the church, there always seems to be some way for us to work."

The next Sunday, in the school, Mr. Yates told the children that he had a proposition to make to them from Mrs. Richmond. She proposed to give a penny a verse for all the verses from the Bible the children would learn above their ordinary lessons. She wanted them to begin with the Gospel of St. John, and go regularly through. She made this offer to last all the while the church is building. "Mrs. Richmond wished me to say to you, that she did not want you to learn to repeat the verses like so many little parrots. She wished you to remember, while you were learning them, that they were God's words, and that they 'are written for our

instruction,' and 'to make us wise unto salvation.' She wants you to learn them for your own good, and at the same time she gives you the opportunity of doing good.

"Now, we have all together sixty-five scholars on our list, and I am happy to say that it is very rarely the case that any one is absent, except from sickness; and I don't know more than two or three instances of this kind during the year, though some of you walk nearly two miles. If we can average ten verses to the scholar each Sunday, we could make $6.50 per week, and that at the end of the year would amount to $338. But suppose we average five verses to the scholar, that would make $3.25 per week, and at the end of the year it would amount to $169. Now, we certainly can reach the smallest of these sums. We have quite a number of little children who cannot read. Suppose they ask their father or mother to teach them one, two, or more verses for each Sunday. Don't you think you could do this? And where you have older brothers and sisters, you could get them to teach you. Let us make the trial this week, and see how it will turn out. Miss Randall promises to bring the money each Sunday after the report is made, and it can be deposited to the credit of the school each week. I should not be surprised if you would do remarkably well for a Sunday or two, but the danger is that you will grow weary in well-doing."

And, sure enough, almost every child who could read took their Testaments with them wherever they went, and whenever they could find time they were hard at work learning their verses. The result of it was, that some of them had twenty, and some thirty, and one little girl even fifty verses. In the aggregate the teachers reported 1230 as the number of verses learned by the whole school. There was a clapping of hands at the announcement which Mr. Yates did not attempt to check, as he found himself unconsciously joining in what certainly would hardly have been becoming in a consecrated church. This, he told them, showed what they *could* do, not what they *would* do; and from this experiment he was satisfied that they could not only raise money enough for the memorial window, but he would also propose the purchase of a marble font, and by united persevering efforts, through means of their work in other ways, they could accomplish both objects.

The subscription for the church had been presented to every individual who could be found in the village and vicinity, except in those cases where they had proclaimed open hostility to the enterprise. This hostility, at one time, really looked as if it would amount to an attempt to build a Union Meeting-house in opposition. But the fact was that very few of them really had their hearts in it, and as it began in a spirit of opposition, and with a view to furnish them an excuse for not giving to the

Episcopal Church, it quietly died out, and their pockets were saved from depletion.

A meeting of the Vestry was called to learn the result, and they found, upon summing up the whole amount, — and some of the subscriptions were as small as five dollars, — that they had of reliable pledges $4225.

It now became necessary for Mr. Yates to reveal his secret, and so at the next meeting of the Vestry he said: "I have something to tell you, gentlemen, which I know will make your hearts glad. I received a letter a few days since from my old friend Mr. Briggs, stating that he had deposited in bank, at Hartford, Conn., $10,000 to the credit of Grace Church, Arlington, to be used in building a church and parsonage."

"*God be praised!*" exclaimed Mr. Yore.

"*Amen*," said Mr. Eastman.

"I propose," said Mr. Jerome, "that we all unite in singing the 'Gloria in Excelsis.'"

And they all rose, and Mr. Jerome, in a voice full of deep emotion, led the singing, in which every one present joined. It was an occasion of such hearty thanksgiving as had never before been known in the brief history of the parish. It was proposed that they should at once adjourn, and come together the next day, when they would be in a more suitable frame of mind to settle upon their future plans. Each one of them hurried home to announce the glad tidings, and the news soon spread

through the village. It was now definitely settled that it was no longer an experiment whether they were to have a church, and such a church as would be ample for the growing wants of the village.

Mr. Richmond had promised that he would increase his subscription, to make the whole sum $15,000.

CHAPTER XVI.

"No, in our hearts the lost we mourn remain
Objects of love, and ever fresh delight.
. . . . .
Death never separates; the golden wires,
That ever trembled to their names before,
Will vibrate still, though every form expires,
And those we love we look upon no more."

MR. LESTER rode out with Mr. Jerome to spend the night at Lakeside. As they were sitting together in the porch that evening, Mr. Jerome remarked, — "How much reason have we to be thankful for God's unmerited goodness to us! And yet, my dear children, how sadly do we miss the presence of one who would have rejoiced so heartily with us. Still I would not call her back from her bright home in Paradise. I would not she should soil her celestial robes by contact again with this sinful world. It may be she is permitted to rejoice with us."

"Yes," said Emily, "it sometimes seems to me I can *feel* her presence near me. I awoke one night, after I had been dreaming that I had been talking with her, and it was some time before I could realize that she was not standing by my side."

"I would fain believe," said Mr. Lester, "that the dead in Christ are sometimes permitted to come on errands of mercy to our tempted, toil-worn spirits, and to minister to us in ways we cannot comprehend. There is good theology, as well as poetry, in those beautiful words of Bishop Doane —

> "Angels, and living saints, and dead,
> But one communion make."

We are encouraged to pray for each other, in our struggles with temptation and sin, and why not believe that they pray for us, and it may be in other ways are permitted to aid us in our conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil? Nor can there be any rational objection to the very early practice of commemoration of the faithful departed, when rightly understood. In reading lately Bishop Hopkins's unanswerable work, 'The End of Controversy Controverted,' I came across some beautiful passages on this subject, which I copied and have brought out to read to you. Emily, if you will bring a candle, I will read them.

"Hence, when the saint passes away from his mortal state, and is thus separated from the eyes of his brethren, no one supposes that he is therefore to be separated from their memory or their feelings. He has only gone before, where they are soon to follow. He is only separated from them for a time, in order that he may be united to them forever. Do they not, therefore, desire that *he may remember them*, when he joins the blessed assembly of the spirits of the just made perfect? Do

they not hope that the privilege of his prayers to God, on their behalf, may still be continued to them, now that he is removed so much nearer to the Fountain of all grace and heavenly benediction? And does he not also desire that *his brethren may remember him*, — that the assembled Church in which he was so long permitted to stand, as a burning and a shining light, when they come together to celebrate the feast of love, may still give him the tribute of their prayers and their affections? And does not the thought that the departed saints are thus employed in praying for their brethren here, give *strength and comfort* to the Christian heart on earth? And would not the knowledge that the Church, in her most precious and solemn Service, offered her memorials and her prayers for the departed saint, give to the loving spirit of that saint a sweet sense of *refreshment and joy*, in his peaceful paradise of pure felicity?

"So simple, yet so strong, is the basis for this practice of the Primitive Church, that even the yearnings of the natural heart are compelled to do it homage. For we know how powerfully it operates on the worldly mind itself. Can any one fail to see that the longing for posthumous veneration forms one of the highest incentives to the acquisition of fame? Can any one doubt that the patriots of the Revolution, for example, derived a true and intense satisfaction from the knowledge that when the people, in after ages, should come together to celebrate their national independence, their names would be commemorated with grateful triumph, and thanks and praises in their honor would be uttered from the lips of thousands of orators in every quarter of the land for which they toiled and bled? And has not the same

feeling animated the breasts and nerved the efforts of heroes and sages in all ages since the world began?

"Nay, is there a man, however humble his sphere — however limited his circle — that does not desire to be remembered by his family and friends, after he has passed away? Does it not cast a deeper gloom over the hour of departure when death overtakes us among strangers and alone? And would it not add a sharp pang to the last agony, to be told, by those we loved on earth, that in a little space we should be entirely forgotten?

"Thus loudly does Nature herself plead in behalf of this universal feeling. It is the instinct of love. It is the witness of immortality, written on the heart, and no effort of false philosophy can overcome it altogether. But the Christian faith explains it, sanctifies it, ennobles it, and gives it the only true and proper elevation. For here we learn that death is no real separation to the children of God. Here we imbibe the spiritual love that lasts forever. Here we enter into the grand society which shall be united before the eternal throne. Why should the departed saint be supposed to forget that Church for which he toiled and prayed, and in which were formed, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, the principles and character of holiness? Why should the Church on earth be supposed to forget him who is an everlasting member of their own body? And therefore, when they meet together, they *take comfort* in knowing that he is still united to them in soul. And he *takes comfort* in knowing that they never fail to commemorate him in those precious words: '*And we also bless Thy holy name, for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy*

faith and fear; beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them, we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom.'

"Surely, then, we have here a rational foundation for the custom of the primitive Christians, and the sentiments of the early Fathers, without being in any sense obliged to connect the consolation taken by the departed with the horrible idea of purgatory. The notion which your Church long afterward adopted, that we should only pray for the deceased because they were in torment, is utterly at war with Scripture, with primitive practice, and with reason itself."

"It is indeed," said Mr. Jerome, "a consoling thought, and I am sure I can never go to the Holy Communion and unite in that thanksgiving, 'We also bless Thy holy name, for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear,' without feeling that your dear mother is with us; and it would seem almost like a reality, if we could once more kneel at the chancel of our old church, where we knelt so many years side by side."

The conversation gradually took a more lively tone, and they talked of the work before them, of the style of church they ought to build, and how the parsonage should be in keeping with the church; and how they would plant the ivy, and cover the walls, buttresses, and pinnacles with its deep green foliage.

"Edward," said Emily, when they were left alone, "I sometimes wonder whether it will be our

happy lot to see the church and parsonage built, and all our bright anticipations realized. It is almost too much of happiness to expect in this world of sin and sorrow. We know every thing is uncertain, and so selfish am I, that I sometimes feel that were it not for your sake I would not care to live. And yet we are young, and God may have much work for us to do. I know it is wicked to repine for mother, and if she could speak to us she would say the living demand our care; and I know our dear father has set his heart upon our union, and in seeing us laboring together for Christ and His Church."

"I, too," said Mr. Lester, "have often felt that our cup of happiness would be too full, and I pray earnestly that I may not for the love of the creature love my Saviour less. Let us strive to know and do the will of God, content to abide the orderings of His Providence."

The Vestry met on the next day, as they had proposed, and Mr. Yates submitted a plan of a church and parsonage, drawn by an architect of established reputation, the cost of which would be covered by the $15,000 subscribed. He said he trusted that the furniture, carpets, lamps, &c., would be provided by the efforts of the ladies and Sunday-school children. Mr. Jerome asked the privilege of a window on the south side, nearest the chancel, which he proposed to erect at his own expense as a memorial of his departed wife; and it was also

agreed that the opposite window on the north side be devoted to a memorial of Jimmy Dorsey. There was a unanimous concurrence in the plans submitted, and it was proposed to break ground at once, so that if possible the roof could be on both the church and parsonage before the cold weather. In order to accomplish this while the foundations were being laid, experienced workmen could be ordered from the East, and in sufficient numbers to insure its rapid progress. A Building Committee was selected, and they were intrusted with carrying out the details.

Very unexpectedly the stage brought to Mr. Yates's door, about four weeks after his departure, the prime patron of the parish, Mr. Robert Briggs. Though certainly unexpected, he was a most welcome visitor.

"Well," said Mr. Briggs, "I have come again, as you see. How are you?"

"I am right glad to see you, my dear Briggs. It seems almost an age since you were here." A prolonged and hearty grip testified to the mutual pleasure of the meeting. Mr. Briggs was greeted with the same warm welcome by Mrs. Yates, and the notice of his arrival created quite an excitement in the town, as it was known that he was the munificent benefactor of the parish. He felt very much chagrined when he learned that the knowledge of his gift had been made public, and he took his friend to task for having mentioned it.

"I could not do otherwise, my best friend. It became necessary to fix upon the style and size of the church we were to build, and that, you know, depended upon the money we could raise. The people never would have been satisfied if I had stated the fact that such an amount had been pledged, without giving the name of the donor. In this uncharitable world there are some who would be unkind enough to say that it was very likely a portion of my old property concealed from my creditors, or tell some story that would need explanation."

"I can't believe," said Mr. Briggs, "that any body could get up such a report against you. Every one knows that Edward Yates did not leave a dollar of debt; that he paid up principal and interest, and in some cases, where, in my opinion, the claim was very questionable. But I am glad you did it, for you have left a name in your old home not only above reproach, but your high-minded honorable course has been more effective in manifesting the power of Christianity than the most eloquent preaching. I have heard more than one man say that if there were more Christians like Edward Yates, there would be more men of the world ready to put on the livery of Christ. I never told you before, but let me now say, it was your example, the way you bore up under your reverses, and your scrupulous honesty and high-toned dealing, that brought me to a decision and determined me to go forward to Confirmation soon after you left."

"God be praised!" exclaimed Mr. Yates, "if in any way, though unconsciously to myself, I have been able to repay you for your noble generosity."

"Don't speak of it," said Briggs. "What have I done more than any friend ought to do. If I had been unfortunate I know very well who would have done the same for me. You know, and I know, that *our friendship* is none of that worthless stuff that can live only in the bright sunshine of prosperity. From boys we had taken each other 'for better for worse, for richer for poorer, till death us do part.' And this reminds me that I have not yet told you the *special* object of my visit. Call in your wife, for such an old bachelor needs to make a confession before two witnesses at least. Do you know I am caught at last? After what happened some years ago, of which I need not speak to either of you, I determined to live and die an unmarried man, and I have practiced upon my philosophy for about twelve years. But I do not believe that I am designed for such a life. You may, perhaps, have noticed my *penchant* for Mr. Richmond's grounds, and for walking frequently in that direction. Well! It was love at first sight. I do not think Miss Josephine a beauty; and yet her long dark eyelashes and that indescribably winning expression of the eye, is very like somebody's else. At any rate it captured me. There is not much disparity in age — is there? She must be about twenty-five years old, and I am, say, ten years older. She has

passed the age of flirtation, if ever disposed that way, and would be willing, I think, to settle down into a sober, staid wife. But what is best of all, she is a truly devout Christian, and an intelligent, thoroughly indoctrinated Church-woman. I wrote to her at St. Paul, and requested her to write to me at St. Louis. She complied with my request, and though you can't see the answer, you can imagine it, for here I am."

"How glad I am. But you don't mean to take Miss Randall from us?" inquired Mrs. Yates.

"Not now, but I mean, God willing, to share the honor with Mr. Lester of the wedding in the new church. You know I am quite an architect, too, and have had considerable experience in building. It will be necessary for me to be here frequently to superintend the work. I don't know but that some of these days I may take a notion to come out West. What do you say, Yates, to a partner? Your village is growing so fast you will want more capital in your concern, and I am sure we could do business together without a word of trouble. How would a sign look, YATES & BRIGGS? We would enlarge the store, run it back some thirty feet, and put on another story."

"My good friend, you are joking. I wish I could think you were in earnest. What could induce you to leave your home, your mother, and your friends, for these western wilds, in a pioneer town near the borders of civilization? I came as a

matter of necessity ; though I must confess I have learned to love the excitement of a new town, and the changes that are taking place here, not only physical but moral, and the opportunities that are constantly afforded of working, not merely for your own advancement but for the good of others. Though I have been here not quite eighteen months, I would not go back again for any earthly consideration."

"Why, then, do you express so much surprise at my suggestion? I have been out here long enough to experience some of the attractions of which you speak, and then I have been *further West*, and have seen something of the mighty resources of the Valley of the Mississippi, just beginning to be developed. I am satisfied, before many years have elapsed we in Connecticut will be off in an obscure corner of this broad land. The heart of the country will be along the Valley of the Father of Waters, and St. Louis is bound to be the Metropolis of the United States, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. It is in this part of the country that every man of mind and intelligence can make his influence tell to the greatest advantage. I think it is through this region we should do all in our power to spread the conservative influence of the Church. I don't mean '*conservative*' in the sense simply of *holding back* from extremes, but *going ahead*, I don't care how fast, if it is only in the right direction. Mr. Wakefield

was so strongly impressed with the importance of the Church taking a position here, and a strong one, and that *soon*, that he said to me that if he was ten years younger, he would be willing to break up all his life-long associations and cast in his lot with this vigorous population, ready to be molded into shape and capable of gigantic proportions for good or evil. He said further, — 'Mr. Briggs, much as I should miss you, I cannot help telling you that here is your place.' And he went so far as to advise the very thing which I have thrown out as a suggestion to you, and now put in the form of a distinct proposition."

"Why, you dear and generous old friend, do you think I can hesitate one moment? Take you in as a partner? Rather take me in, and instead of the firm Yates & Briggs, it should be for euphony, if for nothing else, *Briggs* & Yates."

"There are two things," answered Mr. Briggs, "which I wish distinctly understood, and upon which I shall insist. The style of the firm is to be as I have said: that is one. The other is, no matter what amount of capital I may put in, we are, as the lawyers say, 'to share and share alike.'"

It is needless to detail the circumstances of the meeting between Mr. Briggs and Miss Randall. Suffice it to say they were admirably adapted to each other in disposition, tastes, and culture, and above all, in a whole-hearted sympathy for every thing connected with the cause of Christ and His Church.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Tinge my each word and action with a hue
Of heart-born courtesy and holy love;
That in the use of every social gift
The happiness of others may be mine,
And every effort which I make to please
May be unmarred by envy or by pride."

AFTER a short visit to the East, Mr. Briggs returned, and the enlargement of the store was at once begun. People kept swarming in from all quarters, and the buildings going up on new streets which were opening in every direction, gave promise that the high anticipations of its rapid growth, on the part of Mr. Richmond and Mr. Yates, would be more than equaled by the reality. Mr. Yates had persuaded Mr. Briggs that one of the best investments they could make would be in the purchase of lots in different parts of the town, and with a kindred spirit they had already set apart one for a parish-school. Not that they felt that there was an immediate need for this, but in the infancy of the village they were convinced they could lay the foundation for large work at a very little expense.

Mr. Briggs remarked that in his visit through

the West one thing had struck him as particularly noteworthy,— that in every thriving town he found the Romish Church established, and in possession of grounds for church, schools, and convents, looking with a wise forecast to the future. He learned while in St. Louis that Archbishop Kenrick controlled more money than any business firm in that city. He was shown whole blocks of business houses and residences, from which he was receiving enormous revenues; and in every part of that thriving city were convents, asylums of various kinds, hospitals, and churches, in the heart of the town and on the outskirts; and yet he was told that a very large proportion of the Roman Catholic poor were aided in their support by the Protestants.

Said he to Mr. Yates: "I must tell you what I saw there, and it is an illustration of how the Church ought to manage, especially in our western towns, where their growth in so many cases outruns the wildest speculations of property holders. Mr. Wakefield and I had been to Carondelet, which is in fact but a part of St. Louis, to see the gunboats, and we were advised to return by a country road. And here let me say that I have seen no city in the Union with such a magnificent country in its suburbs. The surface is gently rolling, and diversified with cultivated fields, and parks of second-growth oaks, and most admirably adapted to tasteful suburban residences. As we were returning on this country road, along the western border of the city,

— for there were houses between us and the river, scattered in every direction, — we noticed a little in advance a grotesque building in shape, with what appeared to be a gable turret surmounted by a cross.

"Said Mr. Wakefield: 'I 'll venture to say, with their worldly wisdom, the Romanists have got possession here, on this beautiful ridge; and yet it is a funny-looking structure.'

"As we approached nearer we saw the building was of stone, apparently with chancel windows. A little further advance brought us in front of it, which we found roughly boarded and bricked up. Our curiosity led us to stop and make inquiries about it of some workmen who were engaged on the grounds of a splendid residence near by. They told us it was a Catholic Church; and in answer to our inquiry whether many attended there, said it was full every Sunday. Further examination showed us that the part which was built was the intended chancel of a magnificent stone structure, whose foundations were already laid, and which no doubt will be completed in due time. And yet this church was in the country, but looking forward with wise forecast to the comparatively short time when it will be in the midst of a crowded population. Now, I have no idea that Arlington will ever be like St. Louis, but we may reason from the greater to the less. If God spares our lives for a few years, we will regret that we had not availed ourselves of

the opportunity we now have of laying the foundations broad and deep for the Church." They both agreed, therefore, that the lots should be secured, and sufficiently large to admit of buildings of a higher grade of schools, should the time come when in the Providence of God they would be needed.

"I think," replied Mr. Yates, "that religion is not made enough the business of our lives. If Christians felt bound to work for God in the same way as they work for themselves, they would be looking forward to the interests of the Church as they do to their own advancement and increase in wealth. Why should we buy lots in hopes of making money out of them for our children, and not look forward in the same way for the interests of *One* who should be dearer to us than houses or lands, children or wife, and who 'though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor'?"

The walls of the church were now rising rapidly, and as more surface was presented to the eye, the light-yellow tinge of the stone gave it a subdued, yet cheerful tone of coloring which accorded well with the design. The good taste of Messrs. Richmond and Yates had had a decided influence in keeping out the glaring white, and in introducing neutral tints in the color of their houses, so that the stone of which the church and parsonage were to be built would be in harmony in this respect with the surroundings. The church fronted west, with the chancel at the east end, and stood on the corner,

while the parsonage adjoined on the south. Mr. Briggs purchased the remaining lots still south, to the next street, where, he said, he hoped in due time to build for himself such a house as would not be out of keeping with his neighbors. In the mean time it was understood that there should be a family of four in the parsonage, which was ample for such an arrangement.

"It is said," said Mr. Lester one day, as he and Mr. Jerome were walking over the farm together, "that human nature is so perverse."

"Why," replied Mr. Jerome, "what do you refer to? No trouble, I hope, in the parish?"

"I trust it will not amount to a serious trouble. From what I hear, Mr. Brockmeyer is getting a little awry. I have noticed since the copartnership between Yates and Briggs, he has seemed to be losing his interest in the Church. He has been absent several times of late from Vestry meetings; and when I have gone to the store to talk with him about the Church, he has had some special business to call him away very soon. I am afraid he thinks the new firm will be such a mammoth concern as to swallow up all the business, and concentrate the patronage of the Church people there. I am satisfied *this* is at the bottom of his coolness. And this was confirmed from what I heard last night. Mr. Eastman told me he had noticed the same indifference in Brockmeyer, and on a visit to the Yores, it leaked out from the old lady that the Meth-

odists were making a stir again about having a church here, and knowing that Mr. Brockmeyer was not brought up an Episcopalian, they might bring some influence to bear upon him. Mrs. Yore seems to have her heart set upon having Methodist meeting in the village, and she says they can occupy the school-house until they are ready to build. I do believe the woman is truly earnest, and honest too, and would like to go with her husband, but she fancies she could have none of those '*precious seasons*' she has enjoyed so much in Vermont. It was so refreshing to meet in class, and tell, and hear others tell, their experience, and to be allowed to *shout* whenever the Spirit moved. Friend Williams is ready for any project that will work against the Church; and he it is who has been making the assault upon Brockmeyer, and trying to persuade him in an indirect way not to connect himself with the Episcopal Church. I don't suppose he has actually advised him to take an active part in any opposition project; that would come in due time, when perhaps he may think the Baptists will have a better chance than the Methodists."

"It is not surprising," replied Mr. Jerome, "that Brockmeyer should feel in this way. He is not a religious man, and has no strong preference for the Episcopal Church, though I believe he is becoming more and more attached to it, and particularly since his child was baptized and his wife has become so much interested. It is natural enough that he

should look out for his business interests, and I do not think, as you seem to do, that it argues a bad heart to listen to such suggestions. If he was thoroughly settled in his convictions, it would be a different thing. The way, Edward, to meet cases of this kind is to fight them with their own weapons. Not that I would suggest or uphold any course that was not strictly sincere and truthful. But I would show Mr. Brockmeyer more than usual attention. I would suggest the same course to the Church people, and he will soon see for himself where his interest lies. There is no reason why both firms should not do all the business they wish, and a little kind consideration and social attention will make all things right. There are a few of you whose tastes and habits of association draw you naturally more together, and this is all very right, but it must not be indulged in to the neglect of others. The interests of the Church should be above all personal gratification."

At dinner, the conversation reverted to this same topic, and Emily observed, "Father is right. We have been a little too selfish of late. When I have been in the village, I have been mostly with Josephine at Mrs. Richmond's, or with Mrs. Yates, and it has been some time since I have seen Mrs. Brockmeyer."

"A clergyman," remarked Mr. Jerome, "should have no very special favorites in his parish, or at least his preferences should not be very decidedly

marked; and this will in a measure apply to his wife, though I by no means think the parish has the same claim upon her. Her first duties are at home, and she is to minister to the comfort of her husband and take proper charge of her household, and like any other lady of the parish, when she can do so consistently, work for its interests. But it is not her duty to be president of the sewing-circle, and to be at the head of all the Church organizations in which the ladies are engaged. It is often the case that there are others who have leisure and more practical experience, who would be better fitted for such positions."

"I know," Mr. Lester remarked, "I have a great deal to learn, and there is one thing I have learned to-day, which I trust I will never forget, and that is to be more charitable in my judgment of others. I was ready, from what I had heard, to set down Mr. Brockmeyer as a selfish, unprincipled man; but I can now very readily see how he might be influenced, and not subject himself to any such charge."

"Why should we not invite the Eastmans and the Brockmeyers to tea?" said Clara.

"Such little attentions, my daughter, while they are pleasant for ourselves, often do much good to others. There is that young man Davis and his wife, friends of the Brockmeyers, who have lately settled in the village; you might invite them also."

"I was much pleased with them," Clara said,

"when I called. They are both members of the Presbyterian communion; and yet they said, so long as they could not attend their own place of worship they felt it their duty to join with us, and they thought they could very soon learn to follow the Service. And, Emily, what do you think Mrs. Davis said of our *minister?* You need not blush, either of you, it was nothing bad."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"O Thou, who in Thy holy place
Hast set Thine orders three,
Grant me, thy meanest servant, grace
To win a good degree."

AFTER dinner Mr. Lester asked to see the altar-cloth upon which Emily had been working so perseveringly. It was indeed a labor of love to her, and executed with exquisite taste. The design was one of the most elaborate ornamentation, and yet not over-wrought. Though unfinished, there was no difficulty in fully appreciating what it would be.

"Emily," said Clara, "Mr. Briggs says that altar-cloth is to adorn no church in New York. He says a purchaser can be found for it here, and that it will sell for enough to build an altar of stone for Grace Church, Arlington."

"I have no doubt," said Emily, "that Josephine has put that into Mr. Briggs's head. She said one day when she was here, she could see no reason why it should be sent to New York. She thought it would adorn Grace Church, Arlington, as well as Grace Church, New York."

"I have been hoping," Mr. Lester said, "that

this thought might enter the minds of some of our friends, and I had been planning how I might *save* enough before the church was consecrated to buy it myself. But I will not deprive good Mr. Briggs of that pleasure. I hope some fair hand will find time to make a surplice for me before I am commissioned to wear it."

As Mr. Lester was driving home, he began to realize that the months were rapidly wearing away, and ere long, if life was spared, he would be called upon to take the vows of a commissioned servant of the Most High. His heart sank within him at the contemplation of what rose before his mind, as the requirements of that holy office. "Be ye clean who bear the vessels of the Lord," sounded in his ears, almost as it were from the very lips of his Divine Master. What deep searchings of heart did it become him to make! *Was* he clean of any willful impurity, of any worldly, selfish motive, of any wish or desire, aside from the advancement of the cause of Christ and His Church. He was conscious, that, in thinking of the claims of the ministry, he could say he had yielded under the pressure of the heavy consideration that seemed to have oppressed St. Paul when he exclaimed, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel."

There had been in his mind no romantic anticipations of a kind of life such as would please his tastes and gratify his ambition. For some years he had struggled against occasional solicitations to

think seriously of his holy calling; and he now trembled as the responsibility of the care of undying souls committed to his hands was brought vividly before his mind. And yet he would find himself at times drawing bright pictures of happiness in the parsonage, and work in the parish, and he would grow impatient of the days and weeks, as they seemed slowly to come and go. It was this state of mind which gave him uneasiness. Was *selfishness*, after all, at the bottom of the motives that had influenced his decision. An ascetic would have encourged such fears, and would have sent him into a retreat of weeks or months, to drive away from his mind all *such* unholy associations with the sacred ministry. But a letter from his good old pastor, Dr. Roberts, to whom he had confided his doubts, had bidden him feel no uneasiness on this subject. He pointed him to the example of his blessed Master, who, while upon earth, loved to minister to the rational enjoyment of His creatures; and it certainly could not be wrong while contemplating the discharge of duty to anticipate some attendant pleasure. Because such thoughts occurred to his mind, it did not follow that the controlling motive of his devotion to his sacred office was of such a character. In fact, he had expressly stated that it had had nothing to do with moving him to a decision; and unless all earthly love was wrong, it was right that he should associate in his dream-land pictures thoughts of her

who was to share his labors, his sorrows, and his joys.

We have lost sight of the children for some time, who, however, had not lost sight of their share in the work for the church. Nellie Yore was one of the bravest of them all, not only in planning largely, but in working up to her plans. She had proposed to the little girls that they should combine together and make a silk quilt which could be sold for fifty dollars. She had told her plans to Miss Randall, who gave her encouragement, and also proposed they should meet her at Mr. Richmond's; and while they were sitting together in the summer-house she would teach them to sew neatly before they began their work. She told them unless it was very neatly done, she feared nobody would buy; it and while looking over their work, she could at the same time read to them out of some interesting book or help them get their verses in the Bible, and then they could have a romp together over the grounds.

So Nellie got her friend Kate Yates, and they started out to visit the little girls, tell them what they had been talking about, and see how they would like it. Every one was delighted with the idea, and ready to join them in the work, and also in gathering the pieces of silk that would be necessary. Almost the last call they made they met with a scolding. They had become acquainted with a little girl at the day-school, whose parents had

moved into the village in the spring. The father was a stone-mason, and was one of the workmen engaged upon the church. Neither father or mother cared any thing for religion, and had permitted their daughter to go a few times to the Sunday-school because she met her acquaintances there, but they always wished her to come home before Service. They wanted to lock up the house and go off into the country for the day.

"My little Miss," she said to Nellie, "do you suppose I am going to let my child go to a house where the people feel too grand to call on me? I don't know Mrs. Richmond or Miss Randall, and very likely they will think my child is n't dressed well enough."

"We are all of us to go in our every-day dresses," said Kate, "and I know it would not make the least difference with Miss Josephine how we looked, if we were clean."

"But I can tell you, Miss, it makes a difference with me what people are to pass judgment on my children. And besides, I have got sewing enough for Jane at home. She is getting old enough to make herself useful. Let me give you both a little advice. Stay at home and help your mothers, instead of gadding about, troubling other people."

The little girls could hardly wait long enough to hear her through, and as soon as they got out of the door they ran off as fast as they could, and did not say a word to each other till they were out of sight of the house.

"Well, she is a mean thing," said Nellie, — "is n't she? I would n't go back there for the world."

"I am glad we are off safe," said Kate. "I was afraid she would whip us, she was so angry. If we had met her first, we would n't have dared to go any further — would we?"

"Kate, I try to be good, and I pray God every day to make me good; but when people talk and act as she did it makes me mad, and I know that is wicked."

"It is hard to keep from getting vexed," Kate replied; "but if we only keep praying, God will help us to govern our tempers."

"Oh, it is *easy* for you. You a'n't like me, Kate. I get provoked so quick. I feel sometimes just like jumping up and screaming. But I do hope and believe I am getting some better. Ever since I was so sick I have thought more of being good, and of that kind Saviour who was pleased to make me well."

"You don't know, Nellie, how sad we all felt when papa told us he was going to offer the Prayer for a Sick Child, and that he wanted us to join with all our hearts, that it might please God to spare your life."

"Yes, Kate, and your prayers were heard, for your mother told me that from that very time I began to be better; and I tell mother when she teases father and me about reading prayers, that

they must be pleasing to God, or He would not answer them. Father says he loves the Church every day more, and he will be glad when Mr. Lester is made a minister."

"We will *all* be glad enough," Kate replied, "when we have a *real* church and a real minister, and a real minister's wife. Mr. Lester is going to marry good, sweet Miss Emily Jerome, and they will live in the parsonage; and Miss Josephine and Mr. Briggs are to be married and live with them. If I was old enough, would n't I like to marry just such a nice man as Mr. Briggs?"

"I don't believe," answered Nellie, "that I would like to be married at all. I think I would like to be an old maid, and go about and work to help others. I would like to take care of sick people, and sew for the poor, and help the minister look after children who did n't have good mothers to care for them. I know Jesus would love me more for doing so."

"You are so smart, Nellie, that you are always thinking about work, and to work for Jesus is indeed the right way to do. I don't know that I should ever care to be married, not while mother lives, for I would not want to leave her."

In this way the little girls chatted on till they reached home. In due time it was settled that they were to meet Miss Josephine, and for a few times practice upon pieces of calico, before they began their work on the quilt. They went right after

dinner, and spent the whole afternoon. After sewing awhile they would lay by their work and stroll along the creek and gather the wild flowers, and amuse themselves in making wreaths of flowers and leaves, and sometimes Miss Josephine would bring her guitar and play for them to dance.

And Mrs. Richmond would send them out cake and biscuit, with nice lemonade, and they would spread the cloth on the grass, and enjoy themselves as much as they would have done at a "picnic." While at work they kept diligently at it, for Miss Randall told them she wanted them to form good habits. She disliked nothing so much as to see a little girl wasting her time holding her work in her hands. As soon as they were tired she wanted them to rest, and get up and walk about, and not be pretending to work. She told them it was just as much their duty, if they undertook to work for the Church, to be diligent and in earnest, as if they were working for their mothers or themselves. It would do them good if they paid heed to this, as it was an important part of their education to form habits of industry. She took occasion constantly to introduce some good advice in her conversation, but always in such a pleasant, cheerful way, that they never thought she was lecturing or scolding them. Mrs. Richmond promised that when the pieces were all sewed together, she would give them her wedding-dress of white satin for a lining, and then they could have a grand time quilt-

ing it, and they could invite the boys and have a pleasant party. "And," said she, "if my wedding-dress is to make the lining, you may be sure Mr. Richmond will pay more than any body else to get it. I am sure he will think it worth as much as *one hundred dollars*." This was a great stimulus for them all, and very frequently at school one would say to another, "I dreamed about our quilt, and it was the prettiest thing I ever saw."

One of them said, "I dreamed it was all covered over with silver dollars, as many as a hundred, and I am sure Mr. Richmond will pay as much as that."

"I should n't wonder," said another, "if Mr. Briggs would pay more than Mr. Richmond; at any rate, that he would make him pay more than a hundred dollars."

"I hope not," another replied; "a hundred dollars is more than it is worth, and as Mrs. Richmond is so kind as to give the dress for a lining, I don't think it would be right for any body else to have it."

"Nor I either," another added. "I heard papa say the other day that one reason why he was opposed to fairs was that the ladies put such high prices on every thing they have to sell, and then *forced* people to buy them. But it is n't wrong in us, for Mrs. Richmond put the price upon it. We only intended to ask fifty dollars."

Thus while the walls of the church were rising and the timbers of the roof being framed, there were earnest hearts and busy hands engaged upon

some article of furniture, or in earning the means to purchase something as an offering. In the estimate for the church, they had allowed nothing for the cost of carpets, and chandeliers, and pulpit, and lectern, and altar, nor for a chancel-window. They hoped to secure the means for these by special donations, or through the Ladies' Sewing Circle, or the children's offerings. By special good fortune the cold weather was delayed until almost the beginning of December, when the roofs on both church and parsonage were completed, and the workmen could bid old Boreas blow and howl, without any fear of molestation or interruption. The tower had been carried up through the bell section, and roofed over, and it was not intended to put on the spire at present. Other things were more important, and finished as it then was, it might stand for years, if it were necessary, without greatly impairing the architectural effect of the building. The parsonage, as we have said, was on the lot adjoining, south of the church, and stood still further back from the street, so that as you approached from the south, the tower, the south porch, and a window projected, flanking the parsonage. A space of some sixty feet intervened between the two buildings, and the lot extended some hundred feet in the rear, giving space for fruit-trees and a vegetable garden, without obtruding into notice, or encroaching upon what was proposed to be devoted to flowers and shrubbery.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Welcome, dear Fast of Lent: who loves not thee,
He loves not temperance, or authority
But is composed of passions.
The Scriptures bid us fast. The Church says, *now*
Give to thy mother what thou would'st allow
To every corporation."

THE winter had passed away, and spring had come, bringing Lent, which to every devout Churchman is a most welcome season. Mr. Lester had proposed that as the schoolhouse could be used for an early morning service, he would have daily prayers at six o'clock, and also on the evenings of each Wednesday and Friday, when he would make selections of sermons adapted to this holy season, and such as would be instructive for those who were preparing for Confirmation. He felt this peculiarly important, as, just before the opening of Lent, a Baptist and a Methodist preacher had held a series of meetings running through some ten days. There had been considerable religious excitement, and especially among a few who had not attended the Services of the Church, and some five or six had been immersed in the creek. Mr. Ebenezer Williams had made desperate efforts to

win over some who had professed their attachment to the Episcopal Church, but in this he was disappointed. Both the ministers had gone away greatly chagrined at the result of their joint labors, and convinced, as they said, that the Formalists had possession of the ground. It was useless to expect or attempt to bring about a change at present. In fact, after the first few evenings the congregations dwindled away, and Mr. Eastman remarked to Mr. Yore that he was astonished at himself that he could take no interest in their meetings. He had been in the habit of attending such meetings from a boy, and though he could never be brought to the anxious seat, he had not regarded their measures as objectionable, and he really supposed it was the only way to get religion. But their whole proceedings were so entirely opposed to the sober, yet fervid devotions of the Liturgy, to which he had been of late accustomed, that they were absolutely distasteful to him, and he soon made up his mind that it was better for him to stay away altogether. His wife determined from the first that she would not go; and though Mrs. Yore told her that she had become a narrow-minded bigot, she simply replied that as she went to church to worship God, and as she was satisfied she could not do it amid the excitement of their meetings, it was better for her to stay away. She had not the least unkind feeling toward any who thought differently from herself, and she was only sorry her old friend and

neighbor would not give her credit for this. But the absence of many who thought with Mrs. Eastman, was a provocation to call out the ire of Elder Chase and his coadjutor, and it soon became apparent that abuse of the Formalists formed the prominent topic of their harangues, and the great duties of love to God and their neighbor were secondary things. It was agreed between the two preachers that whatever converts were made, it should be left to their free choice as to which of their societies they were to join, but they were to be admitted to neither without first taking the oath of allegiance to the Government. In this they were to show their *loyalty*, in contradistinction to the Episcopalians, who simply required of those who came through holy Baptism into the Church to avow their faith in the Apostles' Creed. It is true there could be no complaint of the loyalty of Episcopalians, in the stand they had taken as citizens; but they were conscientiously opposed to the introduction of the subject into the pulpit, and thus secularizing the thoughts and diverting the minds of the worshipers from the solemn duty of an humble, earnest approach into the presence of a holy, heart-searching God. The protracted meeting was closed by a public gathering, called to enlist recruits, in which both of the ministers took part, and avowed their readiness, if needed, to shoulder the musket and march to the front. Mr. Lester felt that as he was a candidate for Holy Orders, and

was soon to take upon himself the vows of an ambassador of the Prince of Peace, it would not be consistent for him to attend the meeting; and Elder Chase, noticing his absence, called for the young lawyer who the year before had addressed them so eloquently, and then remarked, "that he trusted in the hour of his country's peril he would not be found wanting." The design of this call was so apparent that it met with no hearty response, and the effect was only to place himself in a most unfavorable contrast with the pure and high-minded young man he had thus attempted to traduce.

Lent following upon this excitement came just in time, and the proposal to have an early morning service each day for prayers, as soon as it was light, met with general favor. Mr. Lester was greatly gratified with the attendance, as it did not interfere with the hours of business or labor, and many made it a point not to miss one of the services through the whole forty days.

When Easter came, after the solemnities of Holy Week, it was welcomed with true spiritual joy by many devout hearts, and the only regret was that they were debarred the privilege of the eucharistic feast. They were all looking forward now to Whitsunday, which came this year the early part of June, and they had every reason to believe that the church would be in readiness for consecration at that time. Mr. Lester had received a letter from

the Bishop fixing the time of his examination; and good Mr. Wakefield had also written, promising to be present; and his old pastor, the Rev. Dr. Roberts, from Western New York, would join them in these solemn services.

The two memorial windows had arrived safely, and would soon be in their appointed places. In that erected to the memory of Jimmy Dorsey was a beautiful medallion picture of Christ blessing little children, with the motto, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me;" and in that to the memory of Mrs. Jerome there was the emblem of the box of ointment, and the appropriate motto, "She hath done what she could." These were gems dearly cherished by those who were to worship in the sanctuary, and choice mementos of important eras in the history of the parish. The children had worked diligently. The quilt had been completed and sold, as Mrs. Richmond had promised, for one hundred dollars, and they had received from other sources two hundred and twenty-five dollars, so that they lacked only about seventy-five dollars to meet the cost of the chancel and memorial windows. That was advanced by Mr. Briggs, giving them time to make up the deficit, which they were sure they could readily accomplish in a short time.

After Morning Service on the Fourth Sunday after Easter, as the appointed time was drawing nigh for the consecration, Mr. and Mrs. Yates

walked up to look at the church and parsonage. It was a bright and beautiful day, the air was clear and invigorating, and the whole scene was such as to inspire cheerfulness and hope. They stood upon the back of the lot, on the very spot upon which they had stood a little more than two years before, and yet with very different feelings. Since that time the mill had risen to intercept their view toward the north. A little south of east, up the creek, the beautiful mansion and tasteful grounds of Mr. Richmond had sprung up as if by magic. South and west were scores of new houses, scattered up and down the newly made streets, and just at hand were the most enchanting objects of all — the church and parsonage.

"Who could have believed it possible," exclaimed Mrs. Yates, "that in so short a time such changes could take place! Far, far beyond our highest anticipations, have we been prospered in our worldly prospects, but above all in that which was nearest our hearts — the success of the Church."

"Yes, my love," Mr. Yates replied, "we *have* great reason to be thankful. Nowhere, but in this western world, could such success have been achieved. And I believe, with the same earnestness and determination on the part of the few Churchmen to be met with in the settlement of every new town, a success similar, though not perhaps to the same extent, could be insured. It is true there are not many like our noble Briggs; such cases

would be exceptional; but how many like Richmond who would cheerfully, from motives of interest alone, take hold of such an enterprise. The great point to be gained is, to be the 'Pioneer Church;' to start as we did, with the gathering of the first score or two of people, not to wait until we can get a clergyman for a whole, or a part of the time, but to begin with lay-reading, and show that the Church is fitted for the most humble social circumstances, as well as for the fashionable city parish or the stately cathedral. I love the Church for its perfect adaptability to us in all conditions and under all circumstances of life. This fact, so apparent in the funeral of Jimmy Dorsey, first commended it to the attention of many who are now its intelligent admirers and ardent supporters. I have heard that simple funeral service referred to more times than any thing else in our history, as having turned the attention of the people to the Church. And you know that it was this which first encouraged us to think of undertaking lay services. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! The death of a little child, which at the time we thought dark and inscrutable, now, in the light of our brief history, is not only the starting-point, but has proved a guide and helper in many ways."

"Look," said Mrs. Yates, "you can see just west of the hill the white stone at the head of his little grave, and yet further west, on the edge of

the bank, about half of Mrs. Jerome's monument. My dear husband, I have such an idea of the communion of saints that it seems to me that they are still of our number. I rejoice that we have those beautiful windows in our church to remind us of them. I shall fancy that they are with us. I know it may be only a fancy, but it is a fancy not wicked to indulge — is it?"

"I certainly do not think it wicked," Mr. Yates replied, "for such fancies are pure and elevating, and bring us into closer communion with the spirit world. We ought to beware, however, lest they become morbid, and lead us to live with the dead rather than with the living, for then we shall be in danger of neglecting the claims of present duty."

"It will be pleasant for Emily," said Mrs. Yates, "to have the place where her dear mother lies in sight, and just here would be the spot to build the summer-house. It is away from the street, and from the observation of passers-by on either side, and in view of the east window from Mr. Lester's study. I like his idea of having his study in the house instead of the vestry-room. Mrs. Wakefield used to say that it was so pleasant for her, when wearied with household cares, to go into the study away from the noise of the children. Mr. Wakefield was always glad to see her; and if he was engaged she could take her seat quietly, and sew or read. and not disturb him in the least.

Mr. and Mrs. Briggs are to have their rooms over the parlor and study, and their bedroom will give them the view, only a little more extended, which we have here. If the branch railroad is constructed which has been laid out, they will be able to see the cars as they come round the point. I thought when we fixed upon that spot as the last resting-place for the dead, it would be far enough away from the noise and bustle of business; but now the first scream of the steam-whistle will break upon its silence, and our lovely road down the valley will no longer be so calm and peaceful. Well do I remember our drive, on our first visit to the Jeromes, and the beautiful herd of deer we saw as we ascended the hill where Mr. Gates's house now stands. What changes! what changes! I am compelled to exclaim every time I think of the village or the country in the vicinity."

"Yes," replied Mr. Yates, "and the moral changes have been hardly less. I was rejoiced to hear from Mr. Davis, as he was coming out of church this morning, that he and his wife have made up their minds to be confirmed, and he is in hopes of Brockmeyer with his wife. He says he had never known any thing of the Episcopal Church until he came here, and that what he had heard about it had not been unfavorable; so that the only thing in his way was the novelty of the Service, but *now*, having become familiar with that, it was one of the greatest sources of attraction.

'I wonder now,' he said, after the deep, fervid, and comprehensive devotion of the Liturgy, 'how any one could be content with the bald, and oftentimes chilling forms of extempore service.' And he went on to venture the prediction, that before any of the denominations can sustain a church here, the people must be crowded out of the new church for want of room. Is n't it fortunate that we made it so large, looking forward to the future? If the village and the country continue to grow we shall be obliged to enlarge it before many years."

"That," answered Mrs. Yates, "will be the work of our children, and they will have been trained in such a way, I hope, that they will be ready to meet the claims of duty."

"I have no doubt, my darling," said her husband, "that there will be work enough for the children. If there is a call for enlargement, we shall probably have to do it, if we live to the ordinary age of man. There is, however, no need of indulging our fancies while we have the pressing claims of the present upon us."

CHAPTER XX.

"And well it is for us our God should feel
Alone our secret throbbings ; so our prayer
May readier spring to heaven, nor spend its zeal
On cloud-born idols of this lower air."

N their walk home Mr. and Mrs. Yates went round by the residence of Mrs. Lester to inquire after her health. She had had a serious illness, which at one time threatened a fatal termination. It had been a great source of grief to Mr. Lester that his mother had never seemed to sympathize with him in his preparation for Holy Orders. She was an ambitious woman, had taken great pride in her son's talents, and had hoped for him a brilliant career in the political world. Her father had been a United States Senator, and her husband had died while a Member of Congress, and she had been so much in Washington, and had become acquainted with so many of the leading men of the country, that she had hoped through influences she could bring to bear, to advance her son's political interests. She had in fact advised his emigration West, with the view of his earlier introduction to public notice. And she persisted in this purpose, despite the disinclination which he evinced

for such a kind of life. He was confirmed before he left college, and while studying his profession was a teacher in the Sunday-school, and, as Dr. Roberts remarked, had read more theology than many young men who had gone through the Seminary. In the practice of the law he was so strictly conscientious, that he induced more clients who came to him to settle their difficulties than to prosecute their suits. He esteemed it one of his highest privileges to be in a position to secure the gracious benediction, "*Blessed* are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." He had his political preferences; yet he often said he never could be a partisan, as he saw faults on both sides, and frequently the means resorted to, to secure the triumph of party, were such as he could not conscientiously sustain. When he settled in Arlington, his mind was in a state of indecision between inclination and duty. During the whole time he was engaged in the study of law, his conscience would trouble him with an occasional suggestion, as to whether he was perfectly clear that he was in the path of duty, and he would drive away such thoughts as unwelcome visitors. But they *would* come again and again, and would not be put off. Away from the privileges of the Church he was yet more restless and uneasy; and when Mr. Yates proposed that they should begin a lay service, he embraced it eagerly as a sort of compromise with his conscience. But this did not satisfy him. Provi-

dence opening the way, made the path of duty so plain before him that he was constrained to a decision. His mother's arrival found him settled in his convictions, and committed to his candidateship for the sacred ministry. She was grievously disappointed, and could not, or did not choose, to conceal her chagrin. She even reproached him for his fickleness, and it was a heavy burden for him to bear in addition to the sense of his own insufficiency. He endured fearful temptations, at times driving him almost to desperation; but the sympathy of Mr. and Mrs. Yates, and later, that of the Jeromes, had cheered and sustained him.

He loved his mother dearly, and her lack of sympathy with him, while it aggravated his trials, did not diminish aught of his affection. He felt that there was a want of true, earnest devotion in his mother's religion. She had become a communicant rather as a matter of course, and because it had been the habit of her family for generations. They were of English descent, and her associations in Washington had not helped to increase her piety. When, then, she was seized with a fever, so severe in its character as to threaten a fatal termination, he was almost overwhelmed with anxious fear, and the near approach of his ordination was clouded with dark forebodings.

Night after night he watched by her bedside, hardly taking the necessary rest to maintain his physical strength, praying earnestly and humbly that her life might be spared; and God in his

infinite mercy had now, indeed, graciously interposed, and rebuked her disease. As she began to recover, and to realize the imminent danger to which she had been exposed, conscience was aroused, and she saw how selfish she had been, how careless of the wishes of her son, and how indifferent to the claims of God; she came to regard her sickness as a deserved chastening, designed to show her the wickedness of her heart, to humble her as a sinner before God, and to make her bow in acquiescence to the Divine will.

She had remarked to him that very day that she was amazed when she thought of her worldliness. She could hardly believe she had been so presumptuous as to attempt to thwart the designs of the great Head of the Church, and endanger her own and her son's salvation. Now, it was her most anxious prayer that she might live to witness his ordination, to see him receive the sacred commission to go forth in the name of His Divine Master to preach the everlasting gospel.

Mr. Lester very briefly and with a countenance radiant with joy detailed to Mr. and Mrs. Yates the change in his mother's views and feelings.

"This change," he said, "I have long prayed for. It has been a wish dearly cherished that mother's hearty blessing might accompany the Bishop's benediction. Now there is nothing to mar the anticipated happiness of the approaching Whitsunday solemnities. Two weeks from to-day, God willing, our church will be consecrated, and I shall be set

apart to my holy calling for life. Is it possible that it is so near at hand? My time has not been misspent in watching at my mother's sick-bed. My own heart has passed through a severe discipline."

"Yes, my dear friend," Mr. Yates said, "'God's ways are not our ways;' and the longer I live the more am I convinced that we have but to leave ourselves in His hands and He will teach us, and make our path like that of the just, shining more and more to the perfect day."

Whitsunday came at last, the third birthday of Grace Church, Arlington. It was a festal day in the little village, now no longer a mere hamlet. The population was computed at fifteen hundred souls; and Mr. Richmond asserted, now that the question of the railroad was settled, another year would add at least another thousand. Mr. Wakefield, who had arrived on the Friday previous, was amazed at the change. Said he to Mr. Yates:—

"I thought I had formed some idea of the rapid growth of western towns on my tour a year ago, but it did not seem possible that your little hamlet could grow into such a village as this in so short a time. And then the church and parsonage are even ahead of the rest of the town. And there is one thing I have particularly remarked, — there is an air of taste and comfort about the houses which will compare favorably with eastern villages. And this shows what the good taste of a few educated, refined men can accomplish. Your own cottage, and Mr. Richmond's splendid mansion, and the church

and parsonage, have given a character to the architecture of the place which will be more marked as it continues to grow from year to year."

"Yes," said Mr. Briggs, "I look with pride upon our little town, and, as you say, I think the credit is due where you have given it; and I think, too, there is a moral influence exerted, and a refinement of feeling and manner generated, by a tasteful cottage and yard, which we can hardly estimate aright. A stranger coming here would say at once, looking upon the church and the buildings generally, constructed with architectural effect and painted in quiet colors, that a better class of population must have settled in Arlington than is usually found in western villages."

It was the first time the Bishop or the Rev. Dr. Roberts had visited Arlington, but they both expressed themselves as agreeably surprised with every thing they saw. The good old Bishop, as a pioneer of the Church throughout the Northwest, was familiar with the peculiar phases of western life, western manners, and western towns; but he confessed that he had rarely met on his visitations such a marked indication of what the Church can and would always accomplish, where she is the pioneer in molding the religion, the morals, and the tastes of the people. He remarked after the Morning Service that the congregation, in appearance, modest and suitable dress, and devout behavior, would do credit to any in his diocese.

CHAPTER XXI.

"O Lord of lords invisible!
With Thy pure light this Temple fill;
Hither oft as invoked descend;
Here to Thy people's prayer attend;
Here through all hearts, for evermore
The Spirit's quickening graces pour."

IT had been arranged by the Bishop that the consecration and ordination should both take place during the Morning Service, and the rite of Confirmation be administered in the evening. Great anxiety was felt, lest the day should prove unpropitious. A heavy cloud hung upon the western horizon, and the sun had gone down with all his brightness hidden by a dense curtain of black, presaging a night of storm. Many eyes were sleepless with anxiety as the roll of the distant thunder broke upon the ear and the dazzling flashes of the angry lightning followed in quick succession. Mr. and Mrs. Yates lingered late in the night before retiring, if possible to throw off the feeling of oppression that weighed upon their spirits, at the ill omen of a dark day for the services of the approaching morrow.

"I know," said Mrs. Yates, "that there is noth-

ing in such signs, and that the future of our Church will not in anywise be influenced by the sunshine or the storm. And yet, say what you will, we are all more or less superstitious, and we love upon our wedding-day, or at any time which we regard as an era in our history, to have Nature smile upon us."

"Yes," replied Mr. Yates, "if we could have it always our own way we would keep off the clouds, and make ourselves believe that we are the special favorites of Heaven. But if God sees it necessary to purify the atmosphere, or water the earth, He will not withhold the thunder and the storm to gratify our fancies. We have had two bright and sunny Whitsundays, and it would hardly be an emblem of life, or even an exponent of our history as a parish, should there be another without clouds. But there is no need of borrowing trouble. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' Let us therefore be content to receive what God in His providence may see fit to send, without murmur or repining."

Contrary, however, to general expectation, the clouds emptied themselves of their freightage of moisture, and when the sun rose he scattered the fleecy couriers of the morning, and drank up the tears of night, lest a vestige should remain to obscure his glory.

Mr. Chowing, of whose family we have spoken as residing a mile and a half from the village, had been chosen Sexton, and though he had no peal to

ring, he had determined, without consultation with any one, to hail the rising of the sun with a joyous ring of the single new bell, whose tones had never before broken the stillness of the Lord's Day. It was his own idea, and so he had had the bell muffled when it was hung. The novel sound awoke the sleepers all over the village, and for the moment it was not known whence it came, or what the noise. Very soon, however, the cause and the occasion were fully understood, and then followed general and hearty congratulations. The town was astir at an unusually early hour, and timely preparations were made so that there should be no delay in the opening of the Services at 10 o'clock.

The church was full at the time appointed. The Bishop and the clergy robed in the vestry-room and walked in procession to the front door of the church, the Wardens and Vestrymen in advance, when the order was reversed. The Bishop, entering through the porch, began in a clear and distinct tone: "The earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is: the compass of the world, and they that dwell therein." The clergy repeated the response: "For he hath founded it upon the seas, and prepared it upon the floods." The whole congregation rose with the first sound of the Bishop's voice, and when he came, as he advanced toward the chancel, to the verse, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in," the effect was

electrical; a bond of sympathy seemed to unite all hearts; and could there have been an expression of what was felt, it would have been the words of St. Peter on the Mount of Transfiguration, "It is good for us to be here."

Mr. Lester, habited in a surplice without the stole, took his seat outside the chancel rail, with the Rev. Dr. Roberts, who was to present him to the Bishop for Holy Orders.

The Bishop proceeded with the Consecration Service, the Rev. Dr. Roberts reading the sentence of Consecration, which the Bishop, receiving at his hands, reverently laid upon the altar, repeating that impressive prayer: "Blessed be Thy name, O Lord, that it hath pleased Thee to put it into the hearts of Thy servants to appropriate and devote this house to Thy honor and worship; and grant that all who shall enjoy the benefit of this pious work, may show forth their thankfulness by making a right use of it, to the glory of Thy blessed name, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The Rev. Mr. Wakefield began the Morning Service, after which the Bishop preached, alluding in a most fitting manner to the setting apart of the *house* they had built, and the more solemn occasion of setting apart the *living temple*, in the person of one whom they knew and loved, to the service of God. He congratulated them upon the noble work they had accomplished, in the erection of a tasteful and commodious edifice, in keeping with the holy

purposes of its erection and with the prospective wants of their young and thriving town. He alluded to the erection of a parsonage, fit to stand by their church, an attractive and comfortable home for their pastor. And he added, "What is indeed unusual, you have furnished your own pastor, one who has shared with you the struggles, the cares, and the triumph of firmly establishing this 'Pioneer Church' in the wilderness. Most heartily do I welcome him to a fellowship with us in the sacred ministry, and bid him God speed; entreating for him guidance and grace, that, having used the 'office of a Deacon well, he may purchase to himself a good degree, and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus.'"

He took occasion also to commend the example of the senior Warden, and those who sustained him in the incipient steps of organizing a Sunday-school, and then inaugurating lay-reading, with the first settlement of the hamlet, and thus preoccupying the ground, with no rivals to divide the interest, and separate the few children and people into contending parties, and thus prevent the establishment of a parish which could sustain itself. He was rejoiced to learn that they had resolved to support their own minister, without missionary aid; and he looked to this Church as a centre whence to start and keep alive missionary stations, which in due time, with the development of the country, would grow and strengthen into self-supporting parishes. Within a

circuit of fifty miles, the Church has now no other foothold. The ground was committed to their care and culture, and he did not believe they would be content to sit down in the luxury of their own comfortable church, and leave others to take care of themselves. The spirit which had worked so nobly for themselves, would prompt them in due time to look after the things of others also.

The Holy Communion was administered, and the Bishop took occasion to invite those who were to be confirmed in the evening, to embrace the opportunity of receiving the spiritual nourishment provided for their edification and comfort, and thus to share too with their young pastor this feast of love, and seal in this most solemn manner the holy bond now formed between them.

It was a most impressive scene as they came in groups to the chancel and reverently knelt to receive the broken body and shed blood of their Redeemer. Many of them were kneeling for the first time for this sacred privilege, and some of them had never witnessed its celebration.

The Jeromes approached the altar together, and as they knelt a stream of golden light poured upon them through the halo surrounding the figure of a dove in their memorial window. So marked was this circumstance that it attracted the attention of many in the congregation, and so startled Mr. Lester that he could scarcely articulate the formula on the delivery of the cup. It seemed as if Heaven had

opened a pathway of light for the spirit of the departed loved one, to come down from Paradise and participate in the solemnities of an occasion so full of spiritual joy. When the congregation was dismissed, after a service which had lasted nearly four hours, they gathered about the chancel to exchange congratulations, and to welcome Mr. Lester as their minister, whom they greatly respected and dearly loved, and to whom they were now bound by an additional tie.

At the Evening Service the Bishop had invited the Rev. Dr. Roberts to preach, and requested Mr. Lester to assist Mr Wakefield in the prayers. It was the first time the *Rev.* Mr. Lester had put on the harness to work, and the occasion to him was one full of the deepest solemnity. It was the beginning of a ministry — how long or how short, how meagre or how useful, how sad or how joyous, could be known only to the Great Head of the Church. He shrank from any vain attempt to penetrate the future, humbly praying for grace to meet the demands of duty, and bear up under the burdens of each day. A few hours of retirement in the quiet of his own home, and a few words of heartfelt cheer from his beloved mother, whose whole soul was now with him in his work, had prepared him fully to appreciate the momentous bearing on his future life of the step he had taken, and his heart was full, as his lips gave utterance to the opening sentences, — "The Lord is in his Holy

Temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him;" "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be always acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer." Tears started in the eyes of many in the congregation, called forth by ready sympathy with the deep emotion apparent in the suppressed tones of his voice, and the prayer thus appropriately offered for himself at the opening of this first Service was followed by a silent "*Amen*" from many a member of that little flock, whose shepherd he was thenceforth to be. Mr. Wakefield quietly declined to take any part of the Service, as he shared with the whole congregation in the desire to unite with their young minister in the uninterrupted offering of the prayers.

Dr. Roberts's sermon, after treating of Confirmation, its authority and privileges, with a few words of especial exhortation to those who were to be confirmed, referred in a simple, soul-stirring manner to his young friend who had been admitted on that day to the sacred order of Deacons in the Church of God, and who was thenceforth to serve them in that holy office. He spoke of him as a child in Sunday-school, then as a teacher; of his returning from college to be confirmed, and the disappointment of his hopes when he had chosen a secular profession. He had followed him with his prayers, and God had led him, in His own good time and way, to choose the better part. He affectionately

asked the prayers and the sympathy of the people to encourage and sustain their young minister in his labors among them, and bade them, both pastor and people, a hearty "God speed."

Thirty-two persons were confirmed, and among them Mr. and Mrs. Eastman, Mr. Yore, Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey, Mrs. Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. Brockmeyer, and Mr. and Mrs. Davis.

Thus closed a day never to be forgotten in the history either of the village or the parish, and one whose influence for good the developments of eternity alone will disclose.

CHAPTER XXII.

"So it is with true Christian hearts:
Their mutual share in Jesus' blood
An everlasting bond imparts
Of holiest brotherhood.

GREAT anxiety was felt that Monday might prove as bright and propitious as their happy Sunday. An entertainment had been provided by Mr. and Mrs. Richmond, to which the whole congregation had been invited. On the lawn tables had been spread, and where there were no trees to shade them, temporary bowers had been erected and rustic seats.

They had honored the Bishop, clergy, and Vestrymen with a table in the summer-house, but the Bishop remarked he had no idea of any exclusiveness on such an occasion, and he purposed to take his seat at the head of the children's table. This was as it should have been; for immediately after the blessing, the children sang an ode of grateful praise for the goodness which had crowned the labors of young and old in the completion of their church, and the ordination of their minister.

After all had partaken of the bountiful feast which had been so kindly provided, the company

scattered in every direction, — the children to run wild over the grounds, being simply charged not to trample the flowers or interfere with the shrubbery. Their elders, gathered in groups, rambled through the walks, or took a row on the water, as inclination prompted.

"Bishop," said Mr. Richmond, "it is rather an unusual thing to have a parish attain the size of this, and build a church and parsonage, without a clergyman or without any aid from abroad. Is it not?"

"I don't know of another instance," replied the Bishop, "within the circle of my acquaintance. And yet I do not see why such instances might not frequently occur. There is nothing out of the ordinary way in the history of your parish, except the munificent donation of our friend Mr. Briggs. And I believe there are a great many men who come West who are as able as he to remember the Church. At any rate, throwing his contribution out of the question, you might have had a very respectable church and parsonage, and one within the means of any new village like yours to build. The great trouble is, there are very few men like Mr. Yates, who have the heart and are willing to begin with the day of small things, and to persevere amid detraction and discouragement."

"I do not take any credit to myself, Bishop," replied Mr. Yates. "I could not have stayed here and been happy, without some observance of the Lord's Day, and it was very little trouble to open

my house to the few children who could be collected, and after this was done, it seemed as if Providence was opening the way before me and leading me on. I did n't dream when I commenced what the movement would grow to. I had no idea of finding any one like our young friend Lester, to second my wife and myself; and then Mr. Jerome dropped in in the most natural way, and his good wife and daughters, and we seemed to be gathering our forces as we advanced, so that the difficulties vanished one after another; and though we had opposition, and on one or two occasions there seemed likely to be serious embarrassment, yet a little worldly prudence, with a proper spirit of conciliation, made matters smooth again."

"We had," said Mr. Lester, "one man, who was a teacher for over a year in the school, one of those crooked sticks that were never designed to fit well anywhere. He was never pleased with any thing aside from his own peculiar notions, and he would have made us trouble several times, had it not been for the wise heads and kind hearts of a few of our elders. I know very well, had I yielded to my own impetuous convictions, and acted upon them, we might have had serious trouble. But it seems as if God in His good providence had watched over us with special care and kindness. One thing I know, that I have great reason to be thankful for my Wardens and Vestrymen."

"And, to return the compliment," said Mr.

Briggs, "we feel as if we were specially blessed in our Rector."

"Wait until you try him," answered Mr. Lester. "One thing is certain, he will need the indulgence and charitable opinion of all his flock, and, above all, grace from on high to direct and support him."

"Gentlemen," interposed the Bishop, "the relation of pastor and people is a very solemn and dear one, and to discharge its mutual duties aright, you all need great consideration and forbearance, making allowance for many short-comings, for many a lack of right judgment, and oftentimes for an ill-considered word or act. You must not expect too much of one another, and, above all things, avoid a spirit of dictation on either side, and never allow yourselves to indulge in gossiping of the faults of your minister, or in excessive flattery. I think our young friend is peculiarly fortunate in beginning his ministry under the guidance and advice of those who are so strongly attached to him by a friendship grown up under other relations, and to be bound to him by the endearing ties of family!"

"And yet," asked Mr. Jerome, "is there not some danger that we may spoil him by our partiality?"

"There is but little danger," replied the Bishop, "that a clergyman will be loved too much. There will always be in every parish some whose eyes will be wide open to his faults, and who will not be backward in making their opinions known. The

most popular clergyman, and one who is deservedly so, will never escape the tongue of slander. Sooner or later, and oftentimes from quarters he least expects, he will meet with detraction and misrepresentation. Reports, that are innocent enough in the start, grow as they spread, till the story of the three black crows has its counterpart in a multitude of instances. I can assure you, gentlemen, a clergyman's life is by no means an enviable one, aside from the matter of his pecuniary support, which is proverbially, and almost universally, a scanty one. People seem to think that they have a *right* to meddle with his affairs, to dictate how he should live, how his wife should dress, how his house should be furnished, and a thousand other things with which they have no concern. Some people seem to think that *he is the hired man* of the parish, and that he is to go and come at their beck. I trust you have not any such among you; but if there are, they will be taught, if I read Mr. Lester right, what is due to his office. St. Paul said, 'I magnify my office;' and it is all important that we should teach people to respect the *office*, if we care little what they think of us personally."

Thus the time passed pleasantly away, giving the people generally an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Bishop, whose genial manners won all hearts, and prepared them to *love* as well as reverence him. It was a glad day also to the children, whose memory of the consecration of the

church, as well as the visit of the Bishop, would ever afterward be associated in their minds with the joy and delight of their pleasant party at Mr. Richmond's.

It is in this way we are to win and attract the young, by teaching, through examples like this, that the service of religion recognizes the amenities of life, and encourages the rational enjoyment of its good things.

Sallie, the little daughter of the stone-mason, whose wife gave Nellie and Kate such a scolding, and frightened the poor little things so that they never dared to repeat the visit, had been led through other influences to the Sunday-school, and she was among the happy group of children at the party.

"Mother," said she, on her return home, "you ought to have been there. We had such a nice time, and so many good things to eat, and the children sung so sweetly. You ought, too, to have seen the Bishop; his hair is as white as snow, and he was dressed like any other gentleman, and he laughed and talked with us children, and seemed to be as happy as any of us. He came to me and patted me on the head, and asked me my name, and said, 'I hope you always mind your mother, and love her; that 's the way to show your love to God.' And Mrs. Richmond spoke to me: she did n't act as if she thought she was a grand lady, and above speaking to poor children. I wish, mother, you and father would go to church. I know you would like it, and like the people too."

"I am glad, Sallie, that you were so much pleased, and enjoyed yourself so well. I begin to think I have been wrong in talking so about some of these people. I must say, I did like your Sunday-school teacher very much when she called the other day. What is her name?"

"Miss Emily Jerome," answered Sallie. "She is to be married this evening in the church, to Mr. Lester, who is to be our minister; and Miss Randall and Mr. Briggs are to be married at the same time."

"I am glad of that; she will make a good wife for a minister. I know *she* has religion, though she did n't talk about it. I am always afraid of these people who talk so much about religion, and who profess to be so much better than other people, and yet they will hold on to a dollar as tight as any one else, and talk slander, and think just as much of dress."

"I knew, mother, you would like my teacher; and there is Mrs. Yates, and Mrs. Richmond, and Miss Randall, and a good many others, you would like too. And now that we have got a church, won't you go? It is so large there will be plenty of room. *I do wish you would!*"

"Well," said her mother, "I will think about it, and perhaps if *I* go, your father will go sometimes. And should we both want to go, what would I do with the baby?"

"I will stay home," said Sally, "and take care

of him part of the day; and sometimes, you know, we might take him over to Mr. Casey's; there is always some one there to look after the children."

"I see, Sallie," said her mother, "that you are planning to get me to church, and 'Where there is a will, there is a way.' I guess I will go to the wedding to-night, and I will think about going to church by the time another Sunday comes round."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Approaching down the hallowed aisle!
Where should ye seek Love's perfect smile,
But where your prayers were learned erewhile,
In her own native place?"

"Oh happy lot and hallowed even as the joy of angels,
When the golden chain of godliness is entwined
With the roses of love."

THE church was brilliantly lighted, and at an early hour was filled. The Bishop and Dr. Roberts were within the chancel, though Mr. Wakefield was to perform the Service. The font was filled with white azaleas and japonicas, the chancel rail wreathed with evergreens and wild flowers, and the altar covered with the rich altar-cloth, the handiwork of Miss Emily. Mr. Briggs had redeemed his promise of its purchase, and hence the altar itself was the gift of Miss Jerome. It seemed, therefore, peculiarly appropriate that it should make its first appearance in honor of their joint wedding. The brides were dressed precisely alike, as they were sisters in Christian affection. Their dress was becoming and tasteful, adapted alike to the light hair and eyes of Miss Emily, and the black hair and brunette complexion of Miss Josephine. They wore white tulle, with

pearl ornaments, — a wreath of orange-blossoms encircling the head, and the usual bridal veil. As they stood before the altar, they presented, in the manly forms and easy bearing of the bridegrooms, and the modest, graceful air of the brides, together with the sober, devout demeanor of all, a peculiarly attractive group. The Service was performed by Rev. Mr. Wakefield, whose tall, commanding figure and gray hair added to the dignity and impressiveness of his manner, and clearly evinced the deep interest he felt in the welfare of those whom he was joining together "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer," in bonds which death could alone sever.

In spite of every effort, the parsonage was still unfinished, and, upon consultation, it had been decided that the three or four weeks necessary to complete it should be spent by the bridal party in a visit of pleasure to their friends at the East. Mr. Wakefield had kindly consented to fill the pulpit during the absence of Mr. Lester, having set aside a few weeks at this time for his summer vacation, and while resting from the cares of his own parish, he could minister with pleasure to that of his young friend. Not only his old friends, but many new ones, made Arlington to him a place of the pleasantest resort; and with his gun and his fishing tackle, he could find enough to engage his attention and occupy his time, while laying by stores of health to satisfy the drafts upon him through the year, in the confinement of his study, and amid the anxieties of his daily work.

"It seems like home to me here," said Mr. Wakefield, as he was sitting one evening with his friends in their cozy little parlor. "I don't know why you cannot enjoy yourselves here just as much as you used to do in your spacious rooms, with their magnificent furniture."

"We do," replied Mr. Yates, "far more. Since God has so wonderfully prospered us in our work for the Church and in the union of so many hearts in the one chief purpose of our labors, now crowned with success, we have been more than happy."

"Mother," said Edward, "I used to think it would be so very lonely *here*, away off in the woods; and Kate and I, before we started, used to cry together about it, though we never told you and papa, because we did n't want to make you feel sorry on our account. But we have often since said that we were really glad you had come, because we have been happier here than we could have been in our old home."

"Yes, Ned," Mr. Wakefield said, "you and Kate have had a good training in learning to work for Christ and His Church, and you will be here to grow up with the country. You will have no old associations to draw you away; and though I shall not live to see it, if your lives are spared, there will be other monuments of Church work in Arlington beside the church and parsonage, and you and Kate will be helpers in it."

"I want to do all I can," said Kate, "though I

know I am a little girl and cannot do much. But we never forgot what you used to say to us in Sunday-school, that 'children could not tell what they could do until they tried.'"

"It is a singular fact," Mr. Yates observed, "that the very Sunday morning my wife and I were planning what we could do toward making a beginning for the Church, these youngsters had been laying their heads together for the same purpose." I can trace all through our history the hand of Providence, so plainly marked, that it would be infidel ingratitude to refuse to acknowledge it. Does not Mr. Lester seem to you 'the right man in the right place,' and is not Mrs. Lester the right woman in the right place? A clergyman's wife, I am satisfied, can be a great help to him, and so I think Mrs. Lester will prove to her husband, if they are spared to each other to live and labor together."

"God grant," said Mr. Wakefield, "that they may long live to do the work of their Divine Master. It is seldom that a clergyman begins his ministry under such favorable auspices as Mr. Lester. The fact is, I have seen enough of the West to convince me that the men here have more liberal and enlarged views than with us; and if they can only be trained to appreciate their obligations as stewards of the Lord, and to become interested in the prosperity of the Church, they will keep pace with

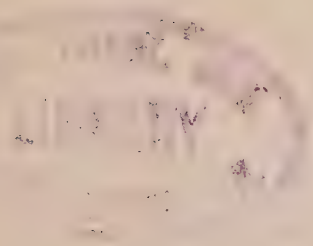
the rapid growth of the country in their benefactions for all Church objects.

"We have been obliged, in Connecticut, to accumulate property by the slow process of years, and saving pennies. I could tell you stories of little meannesses on the part of some of my parishioners, in years gone by, hardly credible. Undoubtedly you may find such cases here, but they will be rare exceptions. Take the people as a class, and, as I have said, they have more liberal and enlarged views, and only need to be trained in the ways of the Church to take hold of Church work with a zeal and liberality such as *we* are not wont to witness. Now, Mr. Briggs is *naturally* a generous man, and since he has become a Christian, he seems to realize his obligations as a steward of the wealth intrusted to him. But I think I can see that his views are every day expanding under the influence of the progress and improvement going on about him. I have no doubt it is the same with yourself, and you will both plan more largely, and execute more energetically, in the work of Christian beneficence, than you would ever have conceived or attempted in your old home. And I would say to you, as I have said to him: Make up your mind to stay here. Cast in your lot with the people; live and die with them; and let your burying-place be here, where your children can visit it, and where, in their turn, they may be buried. I am too old for change, and I would not disturb the resting-place

of my loved ones; but I will cheerfully give up my children to make a home among you whenever they are prepared for the venture. The work you have done here already is worth a lifetime of struggle, and could only be accomplished amid the characteristic growth and development of such a country as this, in material, moral, and intellectual power.

"Your Pioneer Church need not stand a solitary example of what is possible under *peculiarly favorable* circumstances. The experiment may be repeated even upon a larger scale, in hundreds of towns and cities that are yet to spring up over this broad West, outstripping in their growth the history of the past, till the tide of emigration is stayed on the shores of the Pacific."

THE END.



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